

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 320, Vol. 12.

December 14, 1861.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE WASHINGTON CABINET.

THE dissensions in the Cabinet of Washington will probably lead to some change in its composition. Mr. SEWARD, who is supposed to be chiefly responsible for Mr. LINCOLN's policy, has made himself principally remarkable by his ostentation or affectation of hostility to England, and of sycophancy towards France. He is reported to have said, before his accession to office, that his personal position would render it necessary to insult England; and the rumour indicates the impression which his character and conduct have produced on the minds of his countrymen. In domestic questions, Mr. SEWARD probably enjoys a happy exemption from inconvenient prejudice. Some time since, he carried his Republican professions to the verge of Abolitionism; but, as a candidate for the Presidency, he prudently returned within the limits of the Constitution. If he had been nominated by the Chicago Convention, he would have been pledged to abstain from any encroachment on the legal rights of the slave-owners. As SECRETARY OF STATE, he professed to regard Secession as a trifling and temporary incident, until the sudden gyration of popular feeling forced him to denounce the formation of the Southern Confederacy as a wicked and unnatural rebellion. It was in the interval that he proposed the celebrated scheme of a joint attack on Canada as a simple method of reconciling unprofitable differences. Since the commencement of the civil war, he has abstained from taking any decided part in the controversy which has arisen with respect to the forcible emancipation of slaves. The Democratic *New York Herald*, which has consistently repudiated all sympathy for the negroes, now boasts that it represents the opinions of the Republican Secretary of State; but it would be an injustice to Mr. SEWARD to assume that he would object to any policy which may hereafter find favour with the sovereign multitude.

The Secretary for War, Mr. CAMERON, after dismissing General FREMONT for his proclamation in favour of the slaves of rebels, appears himself to have come to the conclusion that the Constitution and the recent Act of Congress may be advantageously disregarded. One Colonel COCHRANE, lately haranguing his regiment after the singular fashion of his country, informed his soldiers that the Union must be restored, if necessary, by the forcible emancipation of the negroes, although the Constitution might rest on a foundation of anarchy and chaos. The SECRETARY OF WAR, who was present, expressed his approval of the doctrines which were so judiciously submitted to the soldiery; and it will henceforth be understood that any officer may safely follow the example of General FREMONT as long as he is not personally objectionable to the War Department. At a recent meeting in honour of a popular journalist, Mr. CAMERON reiterated his proclamation of war to the knife with the Slave States; and Mr. SMITH, another member of the Cabinet, took the opportunity of declaring that his own opinion was entirely opposed to that of his colleague. The dispute has been hitherto almost entirely theoretical, as the Federalists have failed to make any advance into the enemy's territory; but their possession of Beaufort affords an opportunity of tampering with the slaves, and Mr. CAMERON, unless he is overruled by superior authority, can, with the assent of the officers in command, carry out his views amid the densest slave population of the entire South. The determination to emancipate and arm the negroes is equivalent to a final abandonment of all projects for the restoration of the Union. There are offences which it is not in human nature to forgive, and a domestic revolution in such a country as South Carolina would render all future reconciliation with its authors utterly inconceivable. Any politicians who hope to coerce the

seceders by threats of anarchy and universal bloodshed must be prepared to betray the slaves whom they have first encouraged to revolt, as soon as the masters have been terrified into submission. The mere instinct of animosity against the South is perhaps more excusable than the cunning device of raising a negro insurrection for the purpose of extorting peace from enemies who cannot be conquered in the field.

When it is suggested that a Cabinet divided against itself cannot safely stand, Americans remark on the invincible ignorance of their institutions which is supposed to prevail in England. The Ministers are, as it is said, not really a Cabinet, but a casual concourse of Secretaries, whom the responsible chief of the Government may consult or set aside at his pleasure. According to this theory, which is the undoubted meaning of the written Constitution, Mr. LINCOLN's decision is supreme and final, although his Ministers may differ from one another and from the PRESIDENT himself. In the same manner, M. FOULD is at liberty to quarrel with M. WALEWSKI, while the great arbiter of events resolves on his own policy without reference to the opinions of his councillors. It may be remarked, on the other hand, that French Ministers are not in the habit of wrangling at public meetings, and that Mr. LINCOLN, unlike the Emperor of the FRENCH, though he may reign, can scarcely be said to govern. A great and free nation may at its pleasure do much, but no accumulation of votes will convert an average country attorney into a powerful ruler. Mr. LINCOLN was made President because he was known to be insignificant; and it is absurd to suppose that the country will really submit to his dominion, although it may surround him with the outward appendages of power. His Ministers may perhaps, as individuals, be scarcely superior to himself; but they have got possession of the springs of Government, while the PRESIDENT himself is but an index, or fly-wheel. As long as Mr. CAMERON gives orders to the generals, his policy will be carried out by the army; and it is to Mr. CHASE, and not to Mr. LINCOLN, that the capitalists look for the interest which is the reward of their patriotism. If a feeble elective monarch finds it easier to acquiesce in the dissensions of his Cabinet than to overrule them, ambitious politicians will not long consent to act in concert with their bitterest adversaries. The PRESIDENT will have to choose between Mr. CAMERON and Mr. SMITH, and it is not improbable that he may be urged to emancipate himself from the turbulent Secretary of State who has made his administration wantonly offensive to foreign Governments.

The meeting of Congress will tend to exemplify and determine the internal policy of the Government. If Mr. LINCOLN's grammatical peculiarities allow his meaning to transpire, the Message itself will afford some indication of the course which is proposed with respect to the slave population. In the debates which can scarcely be avoided, the tendencies of different parties will display themselves through the superficial uniformity of general deference to popular clamour. The House of Representatives will have to vote money, and the Senate will have many opportunities of controlling or influencing the policy of the Government. As all moderate and sensible men in the States must be aware that the reconquest of the South is impracticable, the unanimous anticipation of a recognised impossibility may perhaps become gradually less confident and vociferous. All parties will agree in flattering the general opinion, but the popular belief itself is sometimes difficult to ascertain. The PRESIDENT's total disregard of the Constitution, though it has been universally applauded, will furnish grounds for attack, if not for impeachment, as soon as the political fashion changes. If the captured Commissioners are surrendered, the Government will have to encounter a storm of unpopularity; and the too probable alternative of a war with England,

although the confusion may cover Mr. SEWARD's retreat, will soon give rise to universal indignation. The Republican papers of New York, forgetting their own unceasing malignity against England, are, with characteristic generosity, urging the Government to suppress their more plain-spoken competitor, the *Herald*, on the pretext that its violence has brought the country to the verge of a rupture. The same spirit of recrimination will prevail among all sections of politicians, if the misfortune which seems impending is not averted by the tardy prudence of the Government. In a week from the commencement of hostilities, the South will have become avowedly independent; and in another month the North-Western States may announce that they also are disinclined to be the victims of the selfishness and folly which prevail on the Atlantic seaboard. It was enough to suspend or destroy the cotton supply of the world, without closing the ports of the Union to the inexhaustible wheat-crops of the Western prairies.

UNBLESSSED PEACEMAKERS.

"WHERE is the Peace Society all this time?" is a question which has probably occurred to a good many persons during the last six months. Never, surely, was there a finer field for the exertions of the professional peacemongers than has been offered by America since the commencement of the conflict between North and South. The gentlemen who went to St. Petersburg in 1853 with sham remonstrances against a war which their servile adulation of the Imperial aggressor really stimulated, might, one would have thought, have found fitting occupation for their powers of moral suasion in the endeavour to avert a struggle far more ferocious, if less sanguinary, than that between Russia and Western Europe. We have recently learned, however, that Mr. JOSEPH PEASE and his friends had an excellent reason for allowing affairs in the United States to take their own course. There has been no negligence in the matter. They have acted strictly on principle—so at least we gather from the statement of a coadjutor whom, we suppose, they will hardly repudiate. The American civil war, though a war for territory, a war for natural frontiers, a war for the command of the Mississippi, a war for empire, is also a war for the honour and glory of universal suffrage and vote by ballot, and is, therefore, a right and proper war. So Mr. BRIGHT tells us, and we presume his views are not very different from those of his allies and co-religionists of the Peace Society. Here, then, we have an explanation of the otherwise inexplicable silence and inaction of Mr. JOSEPH PEASE and his associates under circumstances which might have been thought peculiarly provocative of the twaddling sentimentalism which they call philanthropy. They have not had a word to say against the civil war in America because they thought it a very good war, and wished it to go on. It is always satisfactory to find the key to a moral enigma. The Friends of Peace have not really been asleep for the last half-year. They have always been ready at the shortest notice to bear testimony against war in the abstract; only a war for the divine right of democratic absolutism is a case to which the principles of the Christian religion do not apply.

At length, however, the Apostles of universal benevolence have an opportunity of reasserting their sacred principles without offence to something more sacred still; and they are at once themselves again. The affair of the *Trent* makes it possible that England may be called upon to vindicate in arms the honour of her flag, the right of asylum, and the outraged principles of international law, with the alternative of tame submission to an insult such as no great nation ever suffered quietly before; and of course we hear once more the old familiar protest on behalf of national humiliation. On two successive days this week, we have had the Committee of the Peace Society coming out with appeals in the well-known style—first, to "the Christian denominations of England," and next to the Prime Minister. The documents vary in form and phrase, but they both enforce the same great moral of abject acquiescence in a public wrong. The address to the Christian denominations characteristically proceeds on the principle that a lawless outrage on the British flag is a trifle scarcely worth naming, and that an international quarrel ought to be patched up anyhow, without the smallest reference to its intrinsic merits: "There is certainly nothing in the incident which has recently occurred to require or justify war between two 'Christian nations.' Oh dear! no. The thing is the merest bagatelle. Whether we are to have Lynch law

established on the high seas or not—whether unarmed civilians who have taken their passage on board a British ship from one neutral port to another are or are not to be kidnapped at the pleasure of a Yankee naval captain who has been muddling his head with "KENT, WHEATON, and the 'rest'"—whether the English flag is or is not to be violated with impunity—does not signify the least in the world. The affair is of no earthly consequence, apart from the "exasperation" which it unfortunately provokes in the ill-regulated British mind. Accordingly, the gentlemen of the Peace Society do not give themselves the slightest concern to ascertain who is right or who is wrong, or whether there be a right and a wrong in the matter at all. Their recipe for what diplomacy calls a "pacific solution" is the simplest imaginable. "Throw the oil of Christian love on the rising waters 'of strife.'" There is not the least occasion to "enter on the 'confessedly difficult questions between the two Governments.'" All that is necessary is that the Baptists, the Methodists, and the Christian Young Men of England should write unctuous epistles to the Baptists, the Methodists, and the Christian Young Men of America, stuffed full of brotherly love, the horrors of war, and the "broad principles of religion and 'humanity,'" and thus we shall arrive at a peaceful settlement of a dispute the merits of which all parties are recommended to begin with dismissing from their thoughts. Admirable moralists! What a delicate sense of ethical distinctions! What a fine knowledge of human nature! It does not signify two straws about the justice of the case; only there must be no "irritation." An international quarrel which touches us in our vital interests and our deepest feelings is to be settled by the flabby talk of people who are expressly told to keep their minds clear of all knowledge of the principles which it involves.

The memorial to Lord PALMERSTON happily exemplifies that studied ignorance of the real nature of the question at issue which its authors recommend as the highest qualification of peace-makers. Quoting the respectable truism affirmed by the Paris Congress of 1856, to the effect that "the good offices of a friendly Power" may often advantageously supersede an appeal to arms, and fortifying themselves with the precedent of an arbitration clause in a Fishery treaty, Mr. PEASE and his Committee go for referring the pending dispute to "the decision of some friendly and 'impartial arbitrator.'" They even amuse themselves with the fancy that there is something in the outrage on the *Trent* which "renders it specially suitable for 'reference to arbitration.'" The suggestion could only come from men who choose to shut their eyes to facts familiar to every newspaper reader. These gentlemen are apparently under the impression that the matter at issue is some nice point of Prize law—some double-refined distinction between what is and what is not contraband of war. They either cannot or will not understand that the question primarily raised by the seizure of the Confederate Commissioners—the only question on which, strictly speaking, it is necessary to express an opinion—is, whether the discretion or indiscretion of a naval commander is to supersede all law whatever. To ask an arbitrator to say whether the arrest of Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL was legal, would be like taking the opinion of a "friendly Power" on the point whether a French colonel had acted lawfully in carrying off, under pretence of an extradition treaty, a Republican conspirator from Leicester-square. In the one case, as in the other, there is nothing to arbitrate about. A clearly illegal act has been committed, and its reversal must precede any controversy on points of law or policy which the proceeding may have incidentally suggested. As for arbitration, which the Peace Committee dignify with the title of a "principle formally consecrated by the sanction 'of all the great Governments of Europe,'" it is absurd to call it a principle at all. It is simply an expedient, which may be of much, little, or no value, according to the circumstances of each particular case.

It is satisfactory to think that this attempt of a little clique of sectaries to obscure a perfectly simple question comes too late to be mischievous. If Mr. JOSEPH PEASE had spoken sooner, the recollection of his foolish journey to St. Petersburg, which undoubtedly contributed to confirm the mind of the Emperor NICHOLAS in a delusion fatal to himself and disastrous to his Empire, might have justified an unpleasant apprehension as to the possible effect of these idle manifestoes in misleading American opinion. The Government and people of the United States will, however, have made up their minds to

accept or reject a just demand before hearing of demonstrations to which they might attach a ridiculously exaggerated importance; and the gentlemen of the Peace Society will, therefore, be happily free from all responsibility beyond that of having done their best to persuade mankind that there are absolutely no limits to the long-suffering meekness of England.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS'S MESSAGE.

MR. DAVIS cannot show a political history absolutely free from reproach. His morality on the subject of national credit used to be of the loosest character; though it is probable that the large amount of "shin plasters" held by Southern citizens, joined to their vigorous modes of exacting redress, will have effected by this time some improvement in his financial ethics. If his history were scrutinized closely, we should find that his confidence in Great Britain's resolution to support the honour of her flag is as new a sentiment in his breast as it is in those of Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL. In this point of view, Mr. LINCOLN's advantage over his rival is unquestionable. No man is really secure against an unfavourable criticism of his past history except the man who has no past history to criticise. Mr. LINCOLN felt all the benefit of this protection on his election to the dignity which Mr. DAVIS is attempting to eclipse. His title to honour at home springs from the negative recommendation of never having been sufficiently conspicuous to excite the enmity even of the most captious or most vigilant politicians. His sole claim to respect abroad is that, never having been guilty of any kind of public expression of opinion before he became President, he never has had a chance of insulting other nations. This is a negative eminence which is unapproachable by Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS. But when we turn from the past to the present, the results of the comparison are naturally reversed. The personal nullity which enables Mr. LINCOLN to point back to a blank career unsullied by any act which could excite the resentment of any one, naturally does not work so satisfactorily when it comes to be applied to the exigencies of Government. To do him justice, he was never chosen for the purpose of governing the country. He was chosen that he might, by his insignificance, combine the discordant elements of a Republican majority together, and then reward the leaders of that majority by a liberal eviction of Democrats from public offices. What he was set to do he has done with all his might. He has carried his majority, and, so far as his power extended, he has dismissed his predecessor's officials. It is not his fault if he has not done well that which he was not chosen to do at all. He was not set up to rule a divided country in difficult times, or to carry on a civil war under the forms of the American Constitution. The consequence is, that he has done what all timid and weak rulers do when they are placed in alarming conjunctures. He has fled for safety from the dangers that are thickening around him to wholesale arrests, enormous warlike preparations, and as careful an abstinence as possible from hazardous enterprises. The South, guided, not by democratic caucusses, but by men who have a stake in their country's fate, have shown a different spirit in their choice of a chief magistrate. They have simply selected the best and most experienced man they could find, without caring to inquire how many enemies he has made during an active political career.

The contrast between the two Presidents has shown itself strikingly in every act they have performed from the moment of their election. Mr. LINCOLN's share in the policy of his Cabinet has apparently been confined to embodying that tendency to look at great questions in the spirit of a petty attorney which has so greatly injured the Northern cause. The timidity and hesitation with which the Cabinet has met the demands of the Abolitionists, and its perseverance in treating the enemy, not as belligerents, but as rebels, have been greatly due to the President. He has not had a word to say, or a suggestion to make, which could guide his countrymen in the consideration of the momentous issue offered by the proposal to arm the Southern negroes. This absence of all power to grasp and enforce a definite policy has paralyzed the action of his Government at home, and his reluctance to treat the South as a belligerent will probably bring on him a desperate foreign war. He will be very fortunate if General SCOTT comes in time to explain to him how very decided are the views of England as to her maritime rights, and those of France as to the expediency of bringing about a speedy end

to the useless struggle for empire against independence. Mr. DAVIS, on the other hand, is sufficiently practised in public life to be able to ensure united counsels and a definite policy in his Government. The events of the campaign have evinced, with sufficient distinctness, the practical difference between the administration of a statesman, and the administration of a back-woods solicitor—between the system which vests the power of election in the natural leaders, and that which vests it in the natural dregs of the community.

Even the style of the two Presidents illustrates the contrast of their characters, and the advantage which the greater enlightenment or the greater docility of the Southern electors has secured. Every one remembers the extraordinary Message in which Mr. LINCOLN was committed by his own bad grammar to the startling assertion that the Southerners had sugared themselves over with pretenses of legality. It was a fair picture of the man—illiterate, narrow-minded, technical, without any definite aim or policy, or any due conception of the real nature of the crisis. Mr. DAVIS's recent Message presents a striking contrast. It reads rather like a European State-paper than the appeals to Bunkum which ordinarily serve the turn in America. It is skilfully drawn up, but the skill is that not of a pettifogger, but of a statesman. The worse his readers may think of the cause that he defends, the more they must admire the ability with which it is pleaded. He is conscious that the legal aspect of Secession is its weakest point, and so he passes it lightly over, only summing up the argument in its favour in one specious phrase by speaking of it as "the dissolution of a League." He brings out, with great force, the various errors that have been committed by the North—their barbarous warfare, their flagrant disregard of legal rights, and their contempt for international law; yet there is neither whining nor bravado in his language. He betrays no irritation at the neutrality of foreign Powers, nor does he attempt to menace them with empty threats because he conceives that they have not observed the Treaty of Paris towards the Confederate States. He is equally careful to avoid bombast in recounting his successes. He details the undoubted triumphs of the Confederate arms in language more modest than the Northerners employ in recording the most humiliating defeats. It has been objected to him that he has no right to stigmatize the illegal arrests of the Washington Government, because Lynch law prevails in South Carolina. But it is hardly just to confuse weak government with tyrannical government. It is no doubt a bad thing if a government is not strong enough to restrain a mob from lawlessness, but it is a much worse thing when the government perpetrates the lawlessness itself. There is almost as little ground for the rebuke which has been addressed to him by the *Journal des Débats* for presuming to appeal to liberty in behalf of a slave-owning community. We do not mean to say that any Englishman, or any one holding English or French views upon the subject, could do so without hypocrisy. But the examples of Greece and Rome are sufficient to prove that a man may own slaves, and yet in all sincerity may invoke the cause of liberty. Whatever reproach Mr. DAVIS may deserve on this head will strike WASHINGTON with equal force; and the friends of the North will hardly maintain that WASHINGTON was insincere.

Undoubtedly, Mr. DAVIS's skill in drawing up a political manifesto will not turn evil into good, or cure the defects in the Southern cause. He will hardly persuade Englishmen to look with a kindlier feeling upon slavery, or to approve the pretenses on which the civil war was commenced. But it has a value, nevertheless, beyond its mere merits as a literary composition. A debased style in public documents is a pregnant symptom of political disease. The enigmatical sentences that issue from the Tuileries betray the Imperial conspirator. Pro Nono's prodigal superlatives and unmeasured scoldings tell of the anile dotage of the decaying Papacy. The contrast between the manifestoes of Richmond and Washington has a similar significance. The Confederate statesmen, when they ruled the United States, pandered as readily as their opponents to the mob's taste for bombast and bounce. That they now cultivate a more guarded and statesmanlike style shows that they are no longer addressing themselves to a mob. Either the prevalence of considerable landed properties, or their comparative exemption from Irish and German immigrants, or the peculiar form of voting which exists among them, has created something approaching to a graduated structure of society in the South. Men of education are not driven from taking a part in public life by the necessity of shaping their opinions

and degrading their language to suit the tastes of the coarsest and the rudest class. The result is, that while mobs and cheap newspapers rule at Washington, statesmen rule at Richmond. The policy of the Northern Government is the gusty, uncertain, inconsiderate energy which draws its impulse from the clamours of the multitude. The policy of the Southern Government is the deliberately considered plan of a few ruling minds. Even if England should not be forced into the quarrel, it is scarcely probable that battles fought and expeditions undertaken to furnish sensation telegrams will avail much against a strategy deliberately selected, and maintained without regard to its momentary popularity.

ITALY.

THE debate in the Italian Parliament affords but faint indications of the opinions of the members. The only practical question related to the maintenance of Baron RICASOLI in office, and nearly every speech on all sides of the Chamber was compatible with a vote for or against the Government. The supposed rival and successor of the present Minister contented himself with vague and general phrases, and, having himself been accused of subserviency to France, he naturally dwelt on his independence, while Baron RICASOLI anxiously protested against ingratitude to the powerful benefactor whom he is supposed to regard with jealousy and distrust. MM. MUSOLINO and PETRUCELLI alone gave full and exaggerated expression to the dissatisfaction which is reasonably produced by the Emperor NAPOLEON'S mysterious and vacillating policy. It would have been highly imprudent in the leaders of parties to adopt their unfriendly language, but the Parliament and the country were probably willing to find speakers who would venture to utter the thoughts which must occupy a place in all Italian minds. Yet it is idle and undignified to reiterate verbal protests against a policy which is supported by irresistible force. Even if Italy were a match for France, it would be absurd to attack Rome within two years of the campaign of Solferino; and, under present circumstances, it is only possible to watch, to wait, and, on some fitting opportunity, to persuade France that her interests are not concerned in the maintenance of an oppressive intervention. In substance, the same language has been used by all the principal statesmen of Italy. RICASOLI and RATTAZZI are almost synonymous expressions when they speak of Rome. CIALDINI, who has been prevented by illness from taking part in the debate, is incapable of involving his country in an insane quarrel with France; and GARIBALDI himself seems to imply, by his silent return from Turin to Caprera, that he is not inclined to take the responsibility of dividing the national sympathies, or of urging his countrymen into a hopeless and impolitic war.

Baron RICASOLI'S undelivered letter to the POPE was exposed to numerous criticisms, and it was scarcely possible to explain all the reasons which may have justified so singular and anomalous a communication. One member asked if the Minister had become an authoritative divine; and, by Roman Catholics, the presumption of a layman in dealing with ecclesiastical questions is probably assumed as self-evident. There is, in fact, a curious mixture of theological and secular arguments in the abortive appeal to the conscience and prudence of the Holy See; but, as the Minister said in his reply, it is necessary to enlighten public opinion, as well as to reason with the POPE. Another critic complained, with less show of justice, that the offer of absolute liberty or license to the Church was not accompanied by any corresponding stipulation in favour of the freedom of the State. The advisers of PRUS IX. fully understand that the offer of exemption from all secular interference implies the abandonment by the Church of all temporal power. When the KING surrenders the nomination of bishops, and permits the free circulation of Papal bulls, he assumes a position not below, but above, that which his predecessors might have secured by a Concordat. The Church, under the proposed system, becomes one sect amongst others, still retaining its endowments, but having forfeited the rank of an establishment. If the higher clergy were patriotic, and if the Court of Rome was habitually conformable, the interests of the Crown and of the nation would be better served by the old-fashioned policy of alliance than by the alternative of total separation. It is only in the last resource that Italian statesmen relegate into a separate sphere the power which has been employed in thwarting civil government and in crippling national independence. Baron RICASOLI, though he still professes himself the Catholic Minister of a Catholic King,

probably contemplates, without strong disinclination, the possibility of a religious schism. In the Roman sense of the word, he is himself scarcely a Catholic; and his letter to the POPE implies a menace which will be understood in the Vatican, though the alarm which it is calculated to suggest may at present be overpowered by indignation.

The most formidable danger to which the Government is exposed arises from the unfortunate alienation of CIALDINI. There appears to be no conflict of policy between the ex-Lieutenant of Naples and the Ministers who carry on the traditions of CAVOUR, but the causes of personal dissatisfaction are sufficiently intelligible, and it is unfortunate that great services should, even in appearance, be treated with ingratitude. The Neapolitan deputies seem to have regarded themselves as Italian representatives, and not as mere provincial advocates. Their reproaches to the Government were founded on alleged acts of mal-administration, and not on any assumed incompatibility between the national institutions and the character of the Southern Italians. All parties are unanimous in desiring the suppression of the mongrel anarchy which combines a love of plunder with a more questionable leaning to the fallen dynasty. The Minister of Public Works declared that it was difficult to find Neapolitan administrators who would consent to perform their functions in the provinces. "Give me," say the applicants for office, "any place you choose, but don't exile me from the capital." Some of the engineers who have undertaken to lay out railroads have never ventured three miles from Naples; and on the whole it seems that the example of energy and of business must, in the first instance, be set by a more vigorous race. The charges against the Government which are founded on the state of Naples seem to have produced no strong effect on the Parliament. Baron RICASOLI perhaps expresses the prevailing opinion when he declares that he is convinced of his former error in recommending Government by "regions" or large territorial divisions. He is now bent on completing the administrative unity of Italy, and it will be well if his protest against undue centralization equally expresses his deliberate policy. The qualified expression of confidence in the Government, which was prudently accepted by the Ministry and ultimately voted by a decisive majority, indicates the prevalent desire of all parties to support a statesman who firmly and honestly studies the national interests and dignity.

The great Italian enterprise is still incomplete, but the task which has been accomplished is far more important than the defects which still remain to be supplied. The Kingdom, which was itself within two years regarded as a chimera, has, in addition to reserves of militia and volunteers, a regular army of upwards of 200,000 men, which is at once to be increased to 300,000. The provision of arms, of ammunition, and of stores is ample, and the Italian finances are as flourishing as those of many Continental States. The navy will in a short time double the maritime force of Austria, and, except in the disturbed Neapolitan districts, trade and industry are comparatively flourishing. If the Southern part of the kingdom is not yet a source of strength, it is at least not the seat of a hostile sovereign disposing of the services of a considerable army. Under the shadow of French protection, Italy is rapidly growing into a great independent Power. The condition of Venice and of Rome, if it constitutes an undeniable exception to the territorial completeness of the nation, almost compensates for the evil by the unity which it impresses on the feelings and opinions of all Italians. It is not known that any considerable minority favours the pretensions of the POPE, and there is certainly no solitary exception to the desire of excluding Austria from the Peninsula. A new country which consents to be governed by the temperate and prudent Parliament of Turin has assuredly a great future before it.

THE OPINIONS OF THE AMERICAN LAWYERS.

ALTHOUGH a war with America would, after the outrage on the *Trent*, be by no means unpopular in England—and although it would be felt as a sort of relief that circumstances had put an end to the long-suffering with which we have endured the insults and threats of the States—yet there has been, and still is, a sincere desire here to see that we are quite right in point of law. We want to be sure that we are contending for a clear, acknowledged, intelligible principle of adequate importance. It was therefore a matter, not of curiosity, but of the most serious interest, to see what was the view

of the affair taken by American lawyers. That the mob would rage, and that after-dinner orators would declaim, was a thing of course. But there have been good jurists and very able writers of State-papers in America; and it would be the greatest of all possible aids in estimating the strength of our own case to see what was said on the other side of the question. We have now had the opinions of several Americans, who, if not very eminent jurists or statesmen, are still in a position to make it probable that the case they set up will be very nearly that on which the Federal Government will rely if it justifies the act of Captain WILKS. Not only Mr. EVERETT and Mr. SUMNER, but Mr. LAWRENCE, the editor of *Wheaton*, Mr. CLAY, and Mr. EDWIN JAMES have sketched out the grounds on which they think the legality of the capture of the Commissioners can be maintained. We have not even yet got a statement of the American case made with anything like real ability and clearness, but still we may consider that we are now in possession of all the points that the Americans can urge in their defence. We should be acting a very unworthy part in England if we did not set these points before us, and ask ourselves honestly what is the true answer to be given to the pleading of our opponents.

The seizure of the Commissioners is justified by American lawyers on two grounds, which may be kept entirely apart. The first is that the Commissioners were contraband, and that it was a breach of neutrality rendering the ship liable to condemnation to carry them. This is the ground most relied on in America, as it happens not to conflict with any of the positions of international law they have been anxious to establish. They can take their stand on it without ignoring their past history and flatly contradicting views consistently maintained by their leading lawyers and statesmen. But although there is nothing to prevent their using this argument if they please, it is utterly worthless. There is no such thing known to international law as contraband unless it is going to an enemy's port. There have been many cases in which neutral property has been condemned as contraband when nominally going to a neutral port; but the condemnation has always been grounded on the discovery that the real destination was to an enemy's port. In every instance when Lord STOWELL condemned ships for carrying despatches or military or civil officers of the enemy, the ship was forwarding contraband things or persons to a port of the enemy's territory. It so happens that, in almost all the cases, the facts, so far as the destination of the ship went, were essentially the same, and the vessel was carrying the contraband between France and her colonies, or between one French colony and another. Unless, therefore, it could be pretended that the real destination of the *Trent* was to an enemy's port, and not to an English port, the very definition of contraband altogether precludes the application of the term to anything or person on board her. Even if she had been carrying contraband, she ought to have been taken before a prize court. This the Americans virtually acknowledge, but they urge that it was only out of kindness and courtesy that the ship was allowed to go on her way. England, they say, cannot surely wish to have all her mail steamers taken into an American port and kept there until a prize court has decided whether they have anything contraband on board. Of course not—we should immediately resent so flagrant an abuse of the rights of a belligerent. But, in a case where a captor thinks that he has discovered contraband on board a Mail steamer, we wish that he should be made to consider the enormous risk he runs if he puts the law in motion and then fails in proving his point. If he is at liberty to take whatever he pleases out of a vessel on the bare statement of his own private opinion that it is contraband, he may harass or rob neutrals with impunity; but he will very much hesitate to act on his own view of the law if he exposes himself to the overwhelming liability which the illegal seizure of such a vessel as the *Trent* would bring on him.

But the Americans have another line of argument open to them, on which their lawyers touch with great indecision and reluctance, but which affords a much finer opening for legal subtlety. It may be urged that the Confederates were seized, not as contraband, but simply as enemies. The *San Jacinto* stopped the *Trent* under the indisputable legal right of belligerents to visit and search, and when on board they saw persons there whom they knew to be their enemies, and therefore seized them. It is said that this could not be done because the commissioners were under the protection of the British

flag. But what is the meaning of this phrase? Is it meant that a merchant-ship on the high seas is part of the territory of the nation to which she belongs? International lawyers differ in their language on this point; but if it is contended that the ship is part of the territory, this can only be true in a very qualified sense. Directly she comes into the port of an alien, she becomes subject to the local jurisdiction from which a public vessel is avowedly exempt. Then, again, if an enemy finds on board a neutral property of the other belligerent, he may seize it, according to the English law apart from the Treaty of Paris. But how could he do so, if this property was in neutral territory? So far as the neutral is concerned with his own people and things, so far the jurisdiction of the neutral confessedly extends in a merchant ship; but the goods of an enemy are not within his jurisdiction as against the other belligerent, and what applies to things will, it is faintly contended, apply to persons. England is asked to remember that she herself has over and over again insisted that this was so. We used to visit and search neutral ships in our capacity of belligerents, and then, if while we were there we saw any of our seamen, we instantly carried them off. In his manifesto of 1813, the PRINCE REGENT expressly contended that this was no insult to the neutral flag. If it is objected that this would permit political rebels to be taken out of the shelter of our ships, and then we should give up the sacred right of asylum for which we have so zealously contended, still it may be argued that the doctrine maintained by England in 1813 might easily be pushed to this conclusion. Let us, for example, take the case of the war of Austria with Sardinia and Hungary in 1849. A Hungarian rebel may be supposed to have escaped on board an English ship that has just left an Adriatic port. On the high seas she is visited by an Austrian man-of-war, exercising her right as engaged in war with Sardinia. When the Austrians come on board, they see one of the subjects of the EMPEROR—a deserter, as they would say, from the army of Austria. They would ask England to give him up, and if England hesitated, they would ask how England distinguished this case from that of the seamen impressed before the American war of 1812. They would deny they were taking a refugee from under the shelter of the English flag. The whole point of the case is, that a subject of the belligerent is not protected by the neutral flag when the belligerent is on board the vessel in virtue of his right to visit and search. If, then, the flag of a private ship can neither protect goods nor persons, as the neutral territory does, why should not Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL be held to have been exposed to capture when recognised by their enemy?

The answer to all this is, that the seizure of the persons of belligerents on the analogy of the seizure of enemy's goods is wholly new to international law. It is a doctrine sanctioned by no precedents, and certainly not a part of the existing law. It is only offered as a legitimate deduction from a principle which is said to be the only principle on which a recognised part of international law can be justified. But we cannot allow novel doctrines of international law to be imposed on us in this way. We must look, not only to the reasoning on which the doctrine is founded, but to the practice of nations, the settled rules of the civilized world, the consequences which the change would involve, the loss and gain it would be to ourselves. That the persons of belligerents should now be ranked for the first time with their goods is a very strong argument against admitting it. We must take the existing distinction between the two as having been dictated by a concurrence of opinion and experience. We cannot allow even our own claims to be pushed further than we ourselves have advanced them. Jurists are now pretty well agreed that the English claim to impress English sailors on board neutral ships was open to objection; but whether it was right or wrong, we may adhere strictly by its terms, and refuse to be bound by its supposed consequences. If we find that it is used to cheat us of our dearly prized right of sheltering political refugees, we may decline to accept the application of it, however sharp may be the logic that argues for its admissibility. We must think what are the maxims of international law that we most care to uphold, and test the new doctrine by them. We are especially concerned to maintain the doctrine that every independent State can shelter all who fly to it for refuge, and we have learnt to cherish the belief that war ought to be so carried on as to do the least possible harm to those not engaged in it. Biassed by these views, as we ought to be, we shall decline to accept any new doctrine, or any corollary from an old doctrine.

which would limit the protecting power of our flag, or place neutrals at the mercy of the blundering captains of belligerent cruisers. Fortunately, the whole line of argument which would seek to treat the persons of belligerents as liable to capture on board neutral vessels is really closed to the Americans. They have too often and too warmly contended that the neutral ship does protect the persons of all on board her, to take the other side now. MADISON complained of nothing more vehemently than of the attempted exercise of jurisdiction in a neutral vessel by a belligerent, not through the medium of a Prize Court, but on the mere declaration of an irresponsible captain that he knew who were liable to capture; and in 1842 Mr. WEBSTER went so far as to lay down the general position that a neutral merchant ship is part of the neutral territory. The English Ministry were even informed that if England ever again attempted to set up the contrary doctrine, and to take seamen from under the protection of the American flag, America would immediately go to war. We need not, therefore, wonder that the American lawyers do not venture, except in the vaguest and most inconsecutive way, to rely on this ground of justification in discussing the affair of the *Trent*; and if they only rely on the ground that the Commissioners were contraband, we feel sure their case will not bear a moment's investigation, and they are utterly and manifestly in the wrong.

THE COMMERCIAL BAROMETER.

THERE is a large class of men, and those by no means the least shrewd among us, who regulate their faith in political rumours and their anticipations of the future exclusively by the fluctuations of Consols. The most serious and the best-authenticated news passes with them for nothing unless it leaves its mark upon the Exchange, and the slightest wavering in the market is regarded as an omen of far more importance than all the gossip of foreign correspondents, or even than the information of those most conversant with diplomatic affairs. In the main, perhaps, the market for Consols is a guide more to be depended on than any other; but as it is liable to be affected by other than the ostensible causes of its variations, they who pin their faith upon its indications are as likely to be deceived as those who confidently believe in rain whenever the barometer falls, and fancy that the amount of foul weather will always correspond to the extent of the disturbance of the atmospheric density. If one considers for a moment what the commercial barometer really does express, it will not be difficult to find some justification for the faith which is reposed in its prophetic indications; though, at the same time, abundant reasons will appear for qualifying any excess of confidence in this mercantile oracle. After all, the quoted prices merely tell us that buyers or sellers, as the case may be, are on the increase; and on every occasion of sudden disturbance the buyers and sellers who make the market are composed, in an unusually large proportion, of members of the Exchange and outside speculators. The current price at such times depends very little on what would be the real commercial value of the stock if undisturbed by speculative operations; but it is not the less an expression of a judgment formed by those whose special business it is to anticipate probable fluctuations, and who are backed by information which reaches the commercial world in a far less adulterated form than that of the newspaper paragraphs and telegrams which feed the curiosity of the rest of the world.

If we put out of consideration the occasional influence of crafty schemes for affecting the market, it is not altogether unreasonable to gauge the importance of political news by inquiring whether its effect has or has not been felt on the Exchange. But, though the observers of the market are seldom deceived by the direction which its movements take, they almost always are so by their extent. Even the best-informed can do no more than guess the rates which will ultimately prevail in the event of this or that foreboding being realized. When the prospect of a bad harvest or the risk of a costly war depresses the funds, we may be quite sure that the adepts are, in all probability, right in their general estimate of the future, but we have very little reason to assume with blind confidence that they have hit upon the exact measure of the calamity. As a general rule, perhaps, it may be said that the symptoms of the market tend to excess. A rise or fall in price may be caused, in the first instance, by the prudent purchases or realizations of keen men of business; but no sooner is the

fashion of speculating for a fall or a rise introduced than it is followed by a host of imitators, who first exaggerate the movement, and then complicate it by the various operations which their hopes or their necessities may prompt. When the future is thus discounted, it is quite as likely to be over-discounted as not. The sum of all is that those who are not of the initiated will seldom be misled in attaching due weight to the early influence of political events upon the market for Government securities, but are almost certain to go wrong if they take the range of the disturbance as the measure of anticipated calamities.

Another delusion which is very common among the believers in the Stock Exchange, and which, for the sake of dramatic effect, is often fostered by writers who should know better, is this:—Consols fall, we will suppose one, or two, or three per cent. Straightway your arithmetical politician works out his rule of three sum, multiplies the fall by the total amount of the stock, and gravely informs the world that the country is poorer by so many tens or hundreds of millions sterling than it was the day before—the real truth being that the country is not a halfpenny the poorer or the richer on that account. Persons who wish to invest at the moment are so much the better off; while those who are driven to sell are losers to the same extent, and that is all. To the country the gain balances the loss. Even a diminution which promised to be perpetual in the prices of all securities would signify, not a loss of wealth, but an increase in the rate of interest, which may spring as well from the greater activity in the employment of capital as from a falling off in its supply. A temporary depression, however, has not even this significance, and, as is the case at present, may coincide with a prevailing rate of interest which ought to correspond to a precisely opposite movement. What a fall on the eve of an expected war really does in a manner express, is the enhancement of the rate of interest which is expected to follow from the excessive expenditure that war may involve; and, if it measures anything, it is only a future and possible, not a present and actual, loss.

When the meaning of the quotations is shorn of all exaggeration, there is not much to cause alarm in the considerable influence which the affair of the *Trent* has exercised upon the money market—or rather upon the security market only, for as yet the course of ordinary discount operations has suffered no adverse change, if the tendency has not rather been in the opposite direction. The Bank goes on, as before, gradually increasing its store of bullion at the rate of some 200,000*l.* a week. Money is fully as plentiful as it was previously to the news of the outrage; and the sole residuary effect is that Consols, and some other permanent securities, may be bought two or three per cent. cheaper than a fortnight ago. The fair inference from this, no doubt, is that the City, like the rest of the world, is not very sanguine of a peaceful settlement; but those who imagine that war, when it comes, must of necessity produce an effect proportionate to that which its shadow has caused, may be as much deceived as those who built on such expectations on the eve of the Russian war. Actual war of the most costly kind was then found compatible with a range of prices for public securities much higher than had prevailed during the previous interval of suspense. The market on that occasion exaggerated its gloomy expectations. Whether it is doing the same thing now is a matter on which we believe that it is impossible even for the best-informed to form any trustworthy opinion. All that can fairly be said now is that the commercial public fully share the general expectation of war, but that the Stock Exchange can furnish no data from which to guess its probable effect on the future value of public securities or the course of mercantile affairs. One solid fact is indisputable—that in the abundance of money and in the completeness of our armaments, we are better prepared for all contingencies, than we ever have been at the outbreak of any past war. Moreover, the immediate result of hostilities would not be an unmixt injury to commerce. Whether the opening of one set of ports would counterbalance the closing of another, whether a supply of cotton from the South would compensate for the loss of customers in the North, it may be hard to surmise; but it is something to say that, for once, war does promise some set-off, though it may be a poor one, for the inevitable evils which it must bring in its train. In such a condition we can afford to wait the decision of Mr. LINCOLN without fearing, in the worst event, the aggravation of financial distress.

While glancing at the signs of our own money market, it is

impossible not to notice the very different indications of the quotations from New York. Here the effect of the news brought by the West Indian mail was instantaneous, and Consols fell at once about one per cent., and have suffered a further depreciation at each successive budget of news from America. In New York, the capture of the Commissioners produced at first no appreciable effect on the market, although a war with this country would plunge the United States into pecuniary difficulties without end. The banks are already pledged to an advance of 30,000,000*l.*, of which they have not yet relieved themselves from more than a quarter; and if the blockade should be transferred from the Southern to the Northern ports, one can scarcely see how a war expenditure of more than 200,000,000*l.* a-year is to be supplied. In spite of these risks, it is only by slow degrees that the New York market has been affected, and even by the latest accounts, to an extent which bears no proportion to the imminence of the danger. If this were to be ascribed to a conviction on the part of American speculators that their own Government will give way rather than hazard a war with England, it would be the best item of intelligence which has recently crossed the Atlantic; but there is too much reason to believe that the contrast between the symptoms of the English and American markets indicates only the quickness with which the gravity of the occasion was appreciated here, and the eagerness with which the Americans have endeavoured to shut their eyes to the rashness of the act which they probably already regret, in spite of the satisfaction with which they affect to regard it. By this time they know what it is that Captain WILKS has done for his country, and the discovery will fall all the heavier upon their market from the reluctance which was shown to recognise its approach.

THE SCHOOL FOR BULLIES.

AFTER the first feeling of amazement at the tone of the speeches delivered at the Boston dinner to Captain WILKS has subsided, it becomes a curious inquiry how, and under what influences, such habits of boasting and bullying have been contracted by an undoubtedly intelligent people. No one ever reached the height of baseness at a leap, says the old Latin line. No one ever attained in a day to the power of exulting with Governor ANDREW over the gallantry which stopped an unarmed vessel with a shot, or to the complacent dulness of the American Captain and his Lieutenant in acknowledging the Governor's compliments. The English character, with all its faults, is not prone in these latitudes to overrate prowess, or to listen without wincing to outrageous praise. How has it become so deteriorated by transmission through two or three generations in another climate, that a civilian can bear to call an officer a hero for doing an act as safe as rowing a boat into harbour, and the officer can have the face to reply that he has only done the duty which his country expected from him?

The first and greatest source of these extraordinary habits of mind is an institution which has had scarcely less influence on American character than the Olympic games on the Greeks. It is the fashion with educated Americans to speak of the celebration of Independence Day as a mere joke, but in fact the national vices which they most lament would never have reached their present proportions if the whole nation had not been in the habit of solemnly assembling every Fourth of July for the purpose of indulging in moral debauchery. Hardly a single folly was perpetrated at the Boston dinner which cannot be traced to peculiarities of thought and speech which the festival of Independence produces and encourages. Once a year the American people meet together to hear themselves glorified in language more outrageous than ever was caricatured by dramatist or satirist. Once a year, they are told with a seriousness almost religious that they have never done wrong, and never can do wrong. Once a year, they listen while the most miserable petty skirmishes are exaggerated into great battles, and while obscure men from obscure localities are exalted into the greatest captains and the purest patriots who ever filled the eye of the world. Above all, once a year, they hear the recital of the crimes and misfortunes of England. They sit by while British power is extravagantly magnified for the purpose of depreciating it as extravagantly the moment afterwards in comparison with American daring. They learn that America has always had justice on her side in every difference with England, and that England has only been tempted into fraudulent and tyrannical pretensions in order that Providence might give mankind the

profitable spectacle of their defeat through American instrumentality. The exact turn of mind which such a training would naturally produce shows itself in all that is most startling in the proceedings at Boston, and serves to explain that which otherwise would be simply monstrous. Only he whose earliest recollection was listening to a panegyric on the immortal SNOGGLES who won the world-famed victory over the British at Big Stag's Lick, could manage to keep his seat at a dinner-table while the Governor of Massachusetts asserted that "every American's heart thrilled with pride when he read that Captain WILKS had fired a shotted gun across the bow of a vessel surmounted by the British lion." Only he who assumed as a first principle that his own country was right, and England wrong, in every controversy between them, could have cheered Mr. Justice BIGELOW's impudent evasion of legal argument. Only he who had unshaken faith in the fabulous histories of British humiliation could have complacently followed the speakers who declared it to be impossible that Great Britain should resent the boarding of the *Trent*.

Another cause to which the perversity of the American speakers and writers may be attributed is that singular defect of imagination which, either from the rhetorical tendencies of the community, or from its keen pursuit of material interests, undoubtedly characterizes the American mind. An American exaggerates, but he is never imaginative. It is evident that New York journalists and Boston orators labour under an equal incapacity to place themselves mentally in the position of the English people, and to bring home to their own breasts the emotions which the seizure of the envoys must call up in others. Not one of these gentlemen has been able to put aside his precedents for a moment, and to reflect what view he would have taken of an American *Trent* boarded by an English *San Jacinto*. Not one of them has considered what would have been his own state of mind if an insult to his flag had been compounded with an outrage on that right of asylum of which he, like ourselves, claims to be the protector and patron. Not one American seems capable of understanding what would really follow, even supposing all the positions for which he contends were rigorously correct—even assuming that the forged facts of Messrs. SUMNER and EVERETT were incontestable verities, even admitting that ambassadors could really be treated as animated despatches, and allowing that the authority of Lord STOWELL permits the capture of civilians on their passage from one neutral port to another. That no great nation would suffer its honour to be torn to tatters between the *apices juris*, and that no people of common humanity would submit to have strangers taken from its protection by enemies who have not yet settled whether they intend or not to hang their prisoners, are ideas which do not seem to have flashed across one American mind. In persons who are thus incapable of realizing their own view of analogous circumstances, it is vain to expect the more delicate faculty of appreciating the difference between what takes place now and what took place fifty years ago. We should be foolish if we hoped that an American would be alive to the change of feeling which has come over the civilized world since Lord STOWELL's day, or would discern that, while there is a disposition to retreat from the old precedents, there has been a compensating increase in the strength of the sentiments which the precedents indirectly contradict—the pride of every nation, for example, in the sacredness of its territory, and consequently of its flag, and the tenderness of governments and societies for foreigners under their protection.

It is probable, indeed certain, that the American habit of bullying England would never have become as confirmed as it has, except by the fault of English Governments. Years ago, the *Edinburgh Review* warned the Cabinet of the day that the unkindest and most insulting thing which could be done to the Americans was to submit to their extravagances—the unkindest, because it tempted them into outrages of which they would one day be made to repent; and the most insulting, because it amounted to treating them as ill-bred fellows, with whom there was no such parity as would admit of a quarrel. The concession of the North-eastern boundary, the withdrawal from Central America, the submission to Mr. CRAMPTON's dismissal, and the abandonment of the right of visiting slave-ships, all turn out to have been mistakes, not so much in themselves as through the obvious shrinking from extremities which they betrayed. Strange as it may seem to us with our just awakened susceptibilities, the Americans are plainly bullying us, from an

impression that England does not mind being bullied. All habits of doing systematic injury to others are formed in this way. The wrong-doer becomes callous by repeating his wrong, and fancies his victim as callous as himself. As the cookmaid is at last persuaded that the eels must now be used to skinning, as the actors in the Reign of Terror may have really thought at length that guillotining was a pleasurable sensation, the Americans have gradually brought themselves to the point of believing that "there is not the least fear of difficulty with England on account of the arrest of the rebels."

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

WITH all its faults, there is one thing which the Admiralty seldom fails to do. If an emergency comes when it is of importance to turn out an enormous amount of work with the utmost speed, and of course without regard to cost, the Board may always be relied on to do its duty with a will. It is not at all surprising that this should be so. In a time of pressure, when there is no scope for conflicting opinions as to what ought to be done, and abundant stimulus to energetic action, all indolence and obstructiveness are sure to be merged in the common determination of every official, from the highest to the lowest, to do his utmost. The really strong points, too, of the Dockyard establishments have been admitted, even by their severest critics, to be the excellence of their work and the marvellous energy which they can display on any special occasion. When war is imminent, no one thinks of cost, or even of waste, and it would be folly to do so; and so with no check or criticism to dread, Lords of the Admiralty and their subordinates do manage to push on their naval preparations with a speed which, for the time, almost makes one forget how clumsy and expensive a machine the Board of Admiralty is for the every-day work of a time of peace, or for the judicious conduct of a war. It is now little more than a fortnight since the startling news of the outrage on the *Trent* arrived. It so happened that, even then, we had an unusually powerful fleet on the West Indian station, and the ships in reserve at the different home ports exceeded, both in steam-power and weight of metal, any fleet that England ever before possessed. Portsmouth alone had, in various stages of forwardness, ships mounting in the aggregate more than 1800 guns, without reckoning in the gun-boat squadron. Of these, perhaps a fifth part could be made ready for sea in a few days; and there was besides at the same port a fleet in commission of three liners and three or four frigates, including our model ship the *Warrior*. One dockyard may be taken as the type of another, and though Portsmouth takes the lead, each of the others has its fair quota to contribute to the fleet. Altogether, our state of material preparation, thanks to the hard and steady pressure which has so fortunately been applied to the Admiralty, was in most satisfactory contrast to that in which the last war caught us. Even in the supply of men, the difficulty—which almost paralysed our efforts to fit out the fleets required for the Russian war—is no longer felt, and it is probable that every requirement may be satisfied without drawing upon the patriotic enthusiasm of the Royal Volunteers.

The Admiralty, in fact, had a comparatively easy task before them; but we need not on that account grudge them the acknowledgment that, up to the present time, they have been doing it heartily and well. To get even a forward reserve ship into commission involves no trifling amount of labour; and when the shortness of the time which has elapsed is considered, the additions already made, or on the point of being made, to our fleet at sea afford most satisfactory evidence of the promptitude of the naval authorities. Perhaps the most pressing necessity was the despatch of reinforcements and military stores to Canada, and already six or seven of the largest and swiftest ocean packets have been chartered and prepared for the purpose. Eight battalions of infantry, including two of the Guards and the First Battalion of the famous Rifle Brigade, ten batteries of Artillery, with two battalions of the Military Train, and companies of Engineers and of the Commissariat and Hospital Corps, have either sailed or are held in readiness to sail for what may be the seat of war. More, if need be, will doubtless follow, if the reply of the United States to the demand which has by this time arrived at Washington should not be satisfactory. The strengthening of the fleet has been attended to with as much energy as the transport of troops, and not a day passes without

some fresh addition to the means available for the protection of our commerce and the destruction of the naval power of the Northern States, should they be rash enough to provoke a conflict. The *Warrior* is prepared to sail at a few hours' notice, and her sister-ship, the *Black Prince*, is being hastened to completion with all the extra strength that can be put upon her. The *Hero*, the *Emerald*, and the *Orpheus* have already sailed for North America. The *Shannon*, the *Euryalus*, the *Orlando*, the *Severn*, the *Sutlej*, the *Leander*, and the *Phoebe*, all first-class frigates, have been either commissioned or brought forward into immediate readiness for sea. Besides these, there are several line-of-battle ships (less necessary, perhaps, for the immediate occasion) being prepared as an addition, should it be required, to the strong fleet which is already in commission. The smaller class of frigates and corvettes, which may prove the most serviceable of all, has not been neglected; and several of these vessels are ordered for commission at the different dockyards, and will before long, in all probability, be furnished with their crews. Some are already complete; others are reported as likely to be ready in a few days; and all will probably be available before the brief interval of suspense shall have terminated either in peace or war. The heavy ARMSTRONG guns, which have once more regained the confidence of the authorities, are being supplied to all the newly commissioned ships, and may perhaps find an early opportunity of testing their effect upon more important walls than those of the Eastbourne Martello tower. On every side the note of preparation is being sounded with the best effect; and even if the alarm of war should pass away, and the Americans for once show the moderation which we are almost afraid to hope for, the efforts which have been made will not be altogether wasted if they help to perfect us in the art of rapid preparation, which it has almost always been the foible of England to neglect. It will not be supposed that all this work can be done without considerable outlay. At Portsmouth alone no less than 900 additional artisans and labourers have been engaged, and the strength of the other establishments has been proportionally increased. The transport of troops, and the manufacture of ammunition will help to swell the expenditure which the violence of a reckless American captain has forced upon us; but whether the result be to vindicate the honour of our flag with or without a contest, there is no one in England, with the solitary exception of Mr. BRIGHT, who will repine at an effort that will teach a salutary lesson to a country which has been too long accustomed to forbearance to know that there are limits which even American arrogance cannot be allowed to pass. Should prudent counsels after all prevail with Mr. LINCOLN's Cabinet—and there have been some indications in the last accounts that the higher class of American lawyers and politicians are striving to make head against the insane folly of the mob and their flatterers—we shall return to our former attitude of impartial neutrality, with a new security against unprovoked aggression, and with the pleasant confidence that even a Board like the Admiralty may forget its traditions under the spur of a sudden emergency. For once, the energy which is never altogether wanting even in the worst-organized department in which Englishmen can be doomed to work, has triumphed over the obstacles to effective action which our system of naval administration is so admirably designed to create. But it would be a fatal mistake to blind ourselves to the faults of the system on account of the good service which has been done in spite of it. When the storm that now threatens began to lower, the utter inefficiency of the Admiralty had but just been proved by the evidence of the very men who have from time to time presided over the Board. There is nothing in the promptitude which has recently been exhibited to refute a single complaint that has been urged against the normal action of the Board, or to justify the hope that its future course will be more stable or intelligent than it has been of old. While we frankly acknowledge the unwonted energy which the present crisis has called forth, it is only just to bear in mind that the possibility of what is now being done is due entirely to the timely vigilance which forced the Board into the continuous preparation of the last few years. How readily the Admiralty would have relapsed into its habitual negligence but for the incessant watchfulness of its critics within and without the walls of Parliament, cannot even now be forgotten; and if, by a happy concurrence of circumstances, we find ourselves in a better condition to face an unlooked-for danger than we could have had any right to expect,

this will be no reason for perpetuating a system which, though it admits of occasional spasmodic efforts, is incompatible with that steady course of management which is equally essential to secure constant efficiency and reasonable economy. This is not the time to discuss administrative changes in a department which is strained to the utmost by the duties that are thrown upon it; but when the storm has passed, the old craft will not be the less in need of repair because it may by skilful handling have been preserved from shipwreck.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

LAST week, after the *Octoroon* was over at the Adelphi, and the audience had had its little nightly quarrel with the author because he would insist that the protracted agonies of a young woman in white muslin who had just poisoned herself, and a phantasmagoric tableau of a murderous Indian in the background, were the only ending of his play that high art would tolerate, there came on one of the wittiest and wisest little farces that could possibly be seen. It is slight in plot, but its drollery is overpowering; and the excellent acting of Mr. Toole did no more than justice to the conception of the author. An Irishman comes home to breakfast from hoeing potatoes, and as his wife has a little boy to look after, and also a shop to mind, she is not quite so forward in her preparations for his meal as he thinks his due. The tea is not made; and when she finds a spare moment to brew it, Paddy indignantly remarks that he supposes she thinks he is going to wait till "that thing is drawn." His bacon is burnt to a cinder, and he tells her that if this is the sort of repast he is to have at home, he shall go off to the public-house, where there is plenty of beer, which keeps no one long waiting while it is "drawn." She implores him to stay at home, on which he ironically asks her what's the inducement? Too wise to argue the point, she remarks that she does her best, and is washing all day long for him. This rouses all his wrath. What is her work to make it worth calling work?—a little washing and cooking comfortably at home. She would think rather differently of work if she had to hoe potatoes. She takes him at his word. She will go into the potato-field and he shall stay at home, keep house, and get dinner ready for her. The bargain is struck, and the husband scornfully sets himself to do the easy trifles his wife calls work. As may be expected, everything goes wrong. He breaks the crockery, cuts the tablecloth, fills up a steak-pudding with a red herring, and insults every customer who comes into the shop. By the time his wife comes home he is wretchedness itself. He would rather work like a galley-slave, for the future, in the fields, than have any more of household work to go through. The happy couple kiss and make friends, and the enlightened husband is prepared for the future to be very thankful if he gets his breakfast at anything like the hour, and of half the goodness, to which he is accustomed. The fun is broad and the situations are a little extravagant, but the piece is exceedingly amusing, and while it amuses it may be permitted to instruct. Many spectators may be inclined, when the curtain falls, to own more heartily than they ever have done before how very much obliged they ought to be to the women who are good enough to take the daily burden of domestic economy off their hands.

Gratitude is even cheaper than politeness, and there is not, therefore, very much in saying that men are sure to be grateful who will take the trouble to calculate how very great a gain it is to live through life and have none of the bores of housekeeping. Even the most active and industrious women find housekeeping very hard work. Somehow, people want to dine every day, and to order dinner day after day is no joke. At an hotel, even a lazy man can do the thing without much fatigue; but then home is not at all like an hotel. There is not the possibility of constant change, and there is the necessity of making some use of what is left. Now, let a man take his favourite nuisance, his great pet grievance in the world, his most disagreeable occupation, and then compare it with the daily bores of women. Perhaps as great a nuisance as men have to go through is that of listening to prosy speeches. It is certainly a horrible bore; but what is it to having a hundred times a year to pronounce what is to be done with the cold mutton? Then all the troubles of servants fall upon the mistress. Most masters have a very simple plan of dealing with their domestics. They acquiesce cheerfully in the exactions and artifices of the kitchen, until some day they suddenly turn round and cut short the servant's career by instant dismissal. Women cannot do this. They have to watch the humours and fancies of their servants. They are thrown into a nervous despondency if the nurse looks glum, and are seriously anxious and restless if she declines veal or pork. They are more intimately connected with their domestics than men are, and are therefore much more afraid of what servants will think and say, and more anxious to prove to servants that they are wrong, and that they ought to behave very much better. Then, again, woman's work is always going on. There is no cessation in household calls. The consumption of everything, the chance of waste, the probability of deception, is unceasing. There are no rests and happy blanks in this routine of petty exertion. Day follows day, and week follows week, and the same wants have to be met in the same way. Rooms are always getting dirty; clothes must go to the laundry every week; there is no

period when tradesmen have not to be encountered, and bills to be paid. And in all this trouble and anxiety, so much worse than any that falls to the lot of men, they have only one help and consolation denied to men—there is only one extra support which they have to hold them up. They have the power of taking pleasure in talking about domestic economy. Terrible as it is to go through, it is charming to talk about. It would be most unfair to say that the pleasure of talking about house-keeping counterbalances all its evils; but still it is a great pleasure to housekeepers to talk over their troubles with each other, and we, who owe so much to them, may be very well satisfied that they have any mitigation of their lot.

The Irishman's wife in the play is also quite right in saying that domestic economy is not only a heavy burden, but that it demands very considerable powers. It is not only that the impatient husband won't keep house, but he can't. Of course there is not much demand on the intellect. A knowledge of arithmetic is the very highest learning required, and even a very considerable haziness in arithmetic may be practically harmless. But to keep house well requires method, tact, and, above all, courage. This last noble quality is so seldom shown by men in little things, that the absence of it would alone be enough to prevent their doing much good at home. It is a very trying thing to have to look a tradesman in the face and fight him for a shilling. It is more than many a bearded husband would dare to do, and yet a timid modest woman will do it at a moment's notice. Although most women in the great affairs of life have scarcely any sense of justice at all, yet in little things they are exceedingly sensitive as regards all imposition. They cannot bear to be cheated, not on account of the money they lose, but because they lose a battle which is planned on their scale of combat. Then, again, they have to show, and do show, that sort of tact which consists in getting their own way, as against people who threaten to put the domestic economy out. They must manage to have things sent home in time, to repair breakages, to have a supply large enough without waste. They must half quarrel with a great many people of all ranks, and yet avoid quarrelling with them irreparably. They must smooth down the jealousies of servant against servant. They must determine the very difficult relations of governesses with those above and below them. All this is by no means easy, and requires long practice before it comes to perfection. Lastly, they must have unbounded patience. Men have a theory that women are born patient. They are supposed to have a sort of Job's blessing upon them, just as the Southern philosopher supposes the negro has a Ham's curse of predestined slavery. We hope that this theory is true about women. Of course if it costs them no more to be patient than it costs the nigger to have a hard skull and to be able to stand a tropical sun, we need not much admire housekeepers for what they go through without murmuring. But we know what a fearful infliction it would be to have to acquire a first-rate feminine patience without the aid of natural instincts; and if women only suffered one-tenth as much under the circumstances as men would do, they deserve to have the handsomest things said in their honour that the art of praise can manufacture.

Paddy, when he comes in for his breakfast, is full of the meritorious industry he has shown in the potato field, and he thinks it is comparatively a very small thing to stay comfortably at home and mind the house. Many men quite agree with him. It is they who, as they put it, fight the battle of life. It is they who go through the wear and tear of bustle and care, and endure the strain of body and mind, in order that the wife may have her nice drawing-room, and her happy home, and her liberal housekeeping. They do the rough work, and lay their spoils in the lap of their cozy comfortable beloved. We wonder whether women are deluded by talk like this, and fail to perceive that here too the men have very much the best of it. Man's work is often a positive pleasure, and if it is a tax on his strength and health, is at least much more agreeable than woman's work. The labourer in the potato field has to bear the exposure to wind and weather, and on a cold misty morning this is enough to make any one long for his breakfast. But on fine mornings he has all the pleasures of exercise in fresh air. He has all the amusements of his occupation—and even in the humblest occupations there are some. Even a crossing-sweeper has the pleasure of thinking that he keeps his crossing better than other sweepers, and of speculating on the faces of passers-by, and of calculating which of them belong to people who will be foolish enough to pay him extravagantly. A crossing-sweeper is much better off than his wife, who is probably contending against the burden of a large, unwashed, ravenous family all in one room of an Irish lodging-house. The husband has the open air, and an absence of smells, and the society of the public, and the excitement of possible luck, to console and sustain him. In higher ranks of society most men find their work pleasant. The harder they work the more money they make, and making money by hard work is one of the greatest pleasures on earth. This pleasure is a clear addition on the husband's side. There is nothing like it for women. When their work is over for the day, they are no forwarder; but a prosperous man not only has done his work, but feels the glow of conscious wealth. It is true that he has the care of seeing how his family are to be provided for; and that this is an anxiety from which women are comparatively free. Few women attempt to understand the nature or extent of their husband's income. Some clever women do, of course; but then there are clever

women who do everything, and when we make general remarks, we must only think of ordinary people. The husband has this burden on his mind, and, so far, he does bear more than his wife does. But then it may be remarked that, in a large majority of cases, the real subject of family care is not as to the ultimate fortunes of the group, but as to the means of making a limited sum suffice for certain definite purposes; and the painful duty of screwing sixpence halfpenny out of sixpence falls exclusively on the wife. It is a recognised maxim that, so long as anything is going at all in a family, the paterfamilias is always to have the best of it. Paddy, in the play, gets his bacon at breakfast overtoasted, but his wife gets no bacon at all. Turn the matter how we will, we shall find that men get the plums in the pudding of domestic life, and the women get very little besides suet. We need not mind acknowledging this, and we may be sure that a frank acknowledgment will give great satisfaction. Women know that it is their mission to have three-quarters of the work and a quarter of the play of life, and they are quite content it should be so; but it is a great and a wholly unnecessary addition to their trials if they are assured by those who profit by their hard fate that it is they really who have all the luck. If any wife finds her husband labouring under such an error, let her take him where Mr. Toole will soon bring him to his right senses.

RECIPES FOR SERMON-MAKING.

THERE is an old recipe for making punch, expressed in the following distich:—

One of sour, two of sweet,
Four of strong, eight of weak.

Its meaning, in the primary application, is obvious. If we might, without impiety, compare the elements of the punch-bowl with the ingredients of the average English sermon, we might state it as our opinion that the same proportions are substantially observable in the composition of the less cheerful production as of the more exhilarating. In the first place, do the materials at all correspond? The lemon of the pulpit must be assumed to be any kind of unpleasant or unpalatable truth. An appeal for money, for instance, is in many cases an acid in common use. Then for "sweet" we have that tender style, those honied accents, those flowers of rhetoric which a familiar print has immortalized as "treacle." "Strong" is imported in the shape of quotations from the Fathers, or passages from the old English divines. The residuum, which is all the preacher's own, consists too often of a crude mass of platitudes—which the force of our analogy compels us to set down as "weak." In whatever proportions the first three of these ingredients are mingled, we are pretty sure to find that there is at least twice as much of the last as of any of the others.

No one does for our spiritual what Francatelli has done for our physical palate. By the aid of a good Manual of Cookery we can now dine in superior comfort. The whole arrangements of the table have been of late the subject of philosophic study. The venerable dogmas of the kitchen have been refuted, the ancient recipes exploded. All this is highly conducive to health and enjoyment. But no one caters in the same way for our spiritual wants. There is daily improvement in the process by which the lower part of our nature is nourished. Our immortal part, meanwhile, continues to be very coarsely fed. In other words, the art of dining has outstripped the art of preaching. The former now rests on sound and well-considered principles, while the latter consists for the most part in blindly following a few worn-out recipes. Here, for instance, is an old one for a charity sermon. Begin as far off your subject as you can. Take a text in no way connected with it. When you have set the congregation agog speculating how you will ever come round to the point, prove your cleverness by a masterly *tour de force*, and swoop, by a brilliant flank movement, upon the purses of the faithful laity. We remember a case where the preacher, who was to urge the claims of a metropolitan hospital to the charity of his hearers, devoted more than two-thirds of his discourse to the story of the Witch of Endor. Many people like this sort of mystification, and enjoy the delicious surprise of the *dénouement*. The following recipe is in great request among the Evangelical party. Let the basis of your sermon be biblical prestidigitation. Pulpit sleight-of-hand is very telling. We generally give the clergy credit for a respectable knowledge of their Bible. But we must confess to a feeling of astonishment at the extraordinary agility and accuracy with which some of them find their way about it. When a preacher turns from a quotation from the Hebrews with the words, "I take my Bible, and in Malachi ch. i. ver. 4, I read thus"—we experience a momentary qualm. Will he really hit the right passage? What if he should miss it altogether, or light on something awfully inappropriate? This danger is not altogether visionary. A story is told of an Evangelical curate who, on his return from a visit to the episcopal Palace, wrote to his diocesan, eulogising all his domestic arrangements in glowing terms. "As for Mrs. Proudie," he continued, "I need do no more than refer your lordship to Proverbs, ch. so-and-so, v. so-and-so." Whereupon the gratified prelate turned self-complacently to the passage in question, and found, to his astonishment, a caution against being "frantic among the maids." But in the pulpit the aim is usually very true. A rustling of pages betokens the whizzing of the clerical arrow. We look up, and lo! it has hit the very bull's-eye among the Minor Prophets. Sometimes—very often, we ima-

gine—the preacher stands in need of a stimulant to revive the drooping attention of his audience—"Lassantem flagitare stomachum." A recipe for this, once in use in a northern cathedral, has been handed down. Suddenly broach some very startling thesis, and when the congregation is fairly aroused, and bethinking itself of an application to Dr. Lushington, re-vindicate your orthodoxy by putting the opinions mooted in the mouth of the infidel or the unbeliever. Here is a very simple recipe for a watering-place sermon.—Provide yourself with a pair of unexceptionable lavender kid gloves, and don't stint in the use of Macassar oil. Take advantage of the interval between the prayers and the sermon to see that your curls (if any) are not disarranged. We need not pursue this part of our subject further. Each preacher has his own nostrum for tickling the palate of his audience. This he considers following the bent of his genius. One tries to be facetious, another to be pathetic, a third attempts the argumentative style. But there is an utter want of any recognised and well-considered canons for general guidance. There is no definite standard by which a priestling may judge of the merit of his composition. He flounders on among the traditional malpractices of the pulpit. The consequence of all this is a pretty general discontent at the quality of the hebdomadal "flow of soul" with which he favours his flock.

Here, again, is a recipe for an effective sermon, very superior to any which we have given, and recommended on high authority. Instead of frittering your discourse away in a series of minute headings, let it be pervaded throughout by one central thought. Drive this home by every rhetorical artifice. Eschew argument for the most part; but if you must argue, be very positive and dogmatic. When a preacher condescends to reason, it should be solely and exclusively from his own point of view. He should resolutely shut his eyes to that view which an opponent entertains on the question at issue. A very piquant flavour may be imparted by an adroit use of the art of exaggeration. You are lashing the vices of your age—say, the indolence or frivolity of the rising generation. Instead of depicting the primary and obvious consequences of either vice, put forward remote ones, however far-fetched, if they sound more startling. To say that indolence is the parent of evil is nothing striking; but to say that the indolence of the younger members of a particular congregation is at that moment delaying the work of the Gospel in the Fiji Islands, produces a strong impression at once. When you have fixed, or done your best to fix, a sense of personal guilt on all, from the comfortable squire in his well-lined pew to the chubby urchin who blows the bellows, proceed to a series of arbitrary classifications of mankind. Here is a great field for clerical ingenuity. Perhaps you have a commonplace book in which some choice lucubrations treating of certain typical characters are stored. Or you have specially studied some particular form of vice or religious doubt, and can draw a tremendous picture of it. You happen to know a conscientious drunkard, or a devout woman with a mental bias in favour of polygamy. Erect each of them into a class, and you will probably pass yourself off as a great psychologist. In any attempt at moral classification, be guided by a regard to the more eloquent passages in your commonplace book, or the degree in which you can turn your limited experience to rhetorical account. It is astonishing what a yarn an old stager contrives to spin by this simple and convenient expedient. He can multiply classes in almost endless variety. There is the class who think this and do that—the class who think this, but will not do that—the class who do that, but don't think this—and the class who neither think this nor do that. All this he may set forth with perfect impunity. No one can dispute the possibility of there being human minds in every kind of curious posture. Moreover, as the classification never professes to be exhaustive, there is always, it may be taken for granted, "some other class" looming behind, to which any sinner who does not figure in the preacher's class-list may be safely relegated. A garnish may be given to the discourse by the use of certain phrases. Such words as isolation, individuality, spontaneity, and generally words of a sonorous and sesquipedalian kind, may be introduced here and there with great effect. But this item in our recipe is accompanied with the reserve, that the preacher have a musical voice and an emphatic utterance. We have little doubt that a sermon prepared according to the foregoing directions would prove light, pleasant, and easily digestible. Rather too evanescent, perhaps. We have sometimes, after being so feasted, studied the contents of our printed bill of fare of the previous evening, and wondered where all the enjoyment of the moment came from.

Our own recipe for a sermon is included in one word—self-forgetfulness. The besetting weakness of English preachers seems to us to be affectation. It is developed in its most virulent form in the popular lecturer of a popular watering-place. But between him and the smaller *minauderies* of the pulpit it is only a question of degree. Perfect simplicity is very rarely, if ever, found. Historically, the Evangelical party in the Church is responsible for this result. Their cant phrase—derived, among many others, from the Methodists—of "lending a pulpit," speaks volumes. It discloses the theory that the natural way for one person to compliment a brother parson is to provide him with an arena for personal display. A pulpit is "lent," just as a field is lent for a circus or a tumbling-ground for an acrobat. Nor is any section of the clergy free from the taint of which we speak.

Among the Extreme High, as among the lights of Exeter Hall, instances are not wanting where the pulpit is considered as a mere engine for cramming the individual hobbies of some raw theologian down the throats of a recalcitrant congregation. As a corrective, we suggest to our clergy to take as a model the style of preaching which uniformly characterizes the Gallican Church. In nothing does it seem to us so admirable as in the utter self-forgetfulness of the preacher. This is as true of a Ravignan or a Lacordaire, as of the most obscure curé in a Norman or Picard village. The individuality of the speaker seems to be merged in the greatness of the cause he pleads. Two conceptions only seem to be present to his mind—one, the Church, of which he is the mere mouthpiece; the other his congregation, for whose spiritual profit he raises his voice. Between two such engrossing thoughts there is no room for self to intrude. How different from the mental attitude of many of our dapper curates, who only open their mouths to say "L'Eglise, c'est moi!" Until preaching is reduced to its proper level among the functions of a clergyman, and is treated neither as a plaything nor a ladder to local fame, but a simple act of clerical duty, we shall continue to listen to sermons exhibiting the defect of which we complain.

POLAND.

NEXT to America and Italy, Poland is perhaps the foreign country about which people are just now most concerned. The interest which Poland drew to itself thirty years ago has revived now that Western Europe finds that seventy years of foreign conquest, and thirty years of complete political annihilation, have by no means destroyed the national spirit. This interest is natural and praiseworthy, but, as often happens, it is not so enlightened as it might be. We hear a great deal about Poland and the restoration of Poland, but it strikes us that a good many of those who talk about it do not exactly know what they mean by Poland. We will take for granted that nobody—not the most patriotic Pole—means by the restoration of Poland the restoration of the Polish Kingdom or Republic with its old Constitution. We suppose that it can admit of no dispute that that Constitution was the worst in the world. No other so ingeniously brought together the bad features of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, without the redeeming points of any of them. Despots, oligarchs, and mobs have all a good deal to answer for. Still, it is possible to find a good side for any of the three. But the cleverest counsel for the defence could hardly hit upon a good side for an hereditary caste which, looked at from outside, was a narrow oligarchy, and, looked at from within, was a turbulent democracy. When a hundred thousand armed gentlemen met to choose a king, whose choice the law required to be unanimous, it was really a more monstrous spectacle than the Roman Comitia in the days of Marius and Sylla. A king, without power enough to be of any real use, but with influence enough to make his Court a centre of foreign and domestic intrigue, formed a happy combination of the evils of monarchy and of republicanism. To make a king who should have no real power of government, but who should have large patronage in his own hands, was perhaps the cleverest device ever hit upon for making the chief of a nation simply mischievous. Again, there can be no doubt, from the experience of nearly every nation in Europe, that elective monarchy may very well suit the feelings and condition of a people in its early days. To a wise combination of election and hereditary right, both England and Germany owed a long list of the noblest princes that ever adorned any throne. It is equally clear, that, in a later state of things, elective monarchy is the very worst form of government that can be found. Poland made her kings more distinctly and purely elective at the very moment when elective monarchy began to imply every sort of anarchy and intrigue. Again, in all other elective and deliberative assemblies, the voice of the majority prevails—the question is, how to prevent the minority from being unduly oppressed. In the Polish Diet the minority had it all its own way, for unanimity was required, and every member had a veto upon every measure. Some aristocracies again—Berne, for instance, and Venice on Terra Firma—have deprived their subjects of all political rights, but have acted the part of good rulers in all matters which did not concern their own safety. But the mass of the Polish people were not only the political bondsmen of the ruling caste—they were the merest serfs, and subjected to all kinds of practical oppression. Poland undoubtedly, in her present state, demands our warm sympathy. Her bondage is in itself a grievous wrong, and an independent Power interposed between Russia and Germany would be of the greatest benefit to Europe in general. But there is no use in blinking the fact that the present bondage of Poland is the historical penalty for the evil deeds of its independent days. Had it possessed a decent Government of any kind, so large a country and so valiant a people could not possibly have been cut into slices by neighbours, two of whom were something like its own revolted subjects. It is in this point of view that the old Polish Constitution is still an important historical fact. Its restoration, we suppose, nobody dreams of. Its condemnation was pronounced when, in 1791, every patriotic Pole joined in exchanging it for one more rational, and when the old corruptions were only upheld by Catherine of Russia and her creatures.

The old Constitution, then, except so far as it helps to explain the present state of things, is utterly and wholly a thing of the past. The old boundaries of the kingdom are matters of a good

deal more practical importance. We feel quite sure that many of those who talk about Poland and its restoration have no sort of clear view of the historical geography of the country. There is an old historical Poland, to be measured by the boundaries as they stood up to 1773; there is an ethnological Poland to be measured by the very doubtful bounds of the Polish race and language; and there is a Poland, still nominally forming one of the kingdoms of Europe, and whose national being is guaranteed by European treaties. There are thus three different things which may be meant by the word, and they are cross divisions to one another. The restoration of Poland may simply mean that Alexander, King of Poland, should either govern his kingdom according to law, or else resign it to somebody who will. Or it may mean a complete reconstruction of a large part of the map of Europe, on principles which undoubtedly have a deep foundation in natural justice, but which have unfortunately nothing to represent them in the acknowledged obligations of the Powers of Europe.

Poland, as it stood before the first partition, consisted of the old Duchy (afterwards Kingdom) of Poland (all except Silesia, which had been lost for some centuries), of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, of the Russian provinces conquered at various times by Poland and Lithuania, and of the part of Prussia then known as Western, Royal, or Polish Prussia. Poland and Lithuania were two independent States which were united by common consent, much in the same way that England and Scotland were. Their European position was just as good as that of any other independent nation inhabiting its own country, and the faults of their internal government were purely their own affair. The only difficulty was as to the Russian and Prussian provinces. We are so accustomed to think of Russia as the conqueror and oppressor of Poland, that it is hard to throw ourselves back into the earlier time when Poland was the conqueror and oppressor of Russia. We are so used to Prussia as a great European Power, as a German kingdom possessing a few Polish subjects, that it is not easy to realize the old Duchy of Prussia, held in vassalage of the Crown of Poland, and quite cut off geographically from the German territories held by the same Prince. Between Poland and Russia there was a border war of many centuries. In the days of her might and of Russia's weakness and division, Poland was the oppressor of Russia. Now, Russia, in the days of her might, is the oppressor of Poland. In the seventeenth century Polish troops occupied Moscow, just as in the nineteenth century Russian troops occupy Warsaw. Poland and Lithuania made vast conquests in Russia, some of which Russia had recovered a century before the partition. The greater part of the palatinates acquired by Russia at the partition were actually old Russian territory.

As for Prussia, the relations of the Polish kingdom towards the Teutonic Knights, and their successors the Dukes and Kings of Prussia, form a very long and complicated story. The Teutonic Order was called in by the Polish kings to conquer and convert their troublesome heathen neighbours of Prussia. They naturally soon became much more troublesome neighbours than the Prussians themselves. When the Order was secularized, Prussia was divided. The western part fell to Poland—the eastern part formed first a vassal Duchy, then an independent Kingdom. When the Electors of Brandenburg and Kings of Prussia grew into great potentates, it was natural enough to wish to unite the outlying kingdom to the German provinces by the annexation of the intervening Polish portion of Prussia. This Frederick the Great did by the first partition.

That first partition annexed to Russia a large slice of the Russian conquests of Lithuania. Prussia took Polish Prussia and a small part of the original kingdom of Poland. Austria took another small part of the original kingdom, and (what should be carefully noticed) the old Russian districts of Halicz and Wlodimirz. These last names, which had pretty well passed out of memory, were brought to life again in the softened shape of a "Königreich von Galizien und Lodomerien." Of the three Powers concerned, it is evident that Austria, as a State, was by far the most guilty. Russia and Prussia had old wrongs to avenge, and Prussia had a most awkward frontier to rectify—pleas which certainly do not justify, but which certainly do explain and palliate. But Austria had no old wrongs to avenge; she had great and recent good offices to be thankful for; she had a good mountain frontier, and no possible excuse, except the Napoleonic argument that, if Russia and Prussia were aggrandized, she ought to be aggrandized too. But Maria Theresa personally had but a small share of the guilt of Catherine and Frederick. All her part in the matter was to give a tardy and reluctant consent, after much bullying from her son and her Ministers. The two later partitions of 1793 and 1795 divided the rest of the kingdom of Poland between Prussia and Austria. They divided the remainder of Polish Russia between Russia and Austria, and divided Lithuania between Russia and Prussia. In these two last divisions, the shares of Prussia and Austria were very small; but it should be observed that Russia got by the partitions no portion whatever of the original kingdom of Poland. Her acquisitions were Lithuanian and Russian provinces.

Then came Napoleon. He gave a sort of independence, as the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, to those parts of Poland and Lithuania which had fallen to the share of Prussia. This was afterwards increased by a part of the Austrian share. This Grand Duchy, after being shorn of the province of Posen, became the modern Kingdom of Poland. The kingdom thus formed contains the

greater part of the original Poland, a small piece of Lithuania, and a small piece of Polish Russia. Of this kingdom, by the treaties of Vienna, the Emperor of Russia for the time being was to be Constitutional King. That such a scheme could not possibly last we need hardly stop to argue; but there it is, part of the public law of Europe, though for the last thirty years about as much regarded as now are those other provisions which guarantee the neutrality of Switzerland and Savoy, and which exclude all Buonapartes from the throne of France.

It is therefore highly important that we should distinguish between that kingdom of Poland which is known to the existing public law of Europe, and that much larger kingdom of Poland which is now purely matter of history. It might not be an easy task either to convert the present King of Poland into a constitutional sovereign or to transfer his royal crown to some more promising dynasty. But it would certainly be much harder still to re-constitute a Polish kingdom which should contain all that was meant by Poland in 1773. And there is another consideration to be remembered. No man can doubt that every Pole in the Kingdom wishes for the restoration of a Polish State with as much external independence and as much internal liberty as may be had. But it is by no means clear that all the inhabitants of what was once Poland in the widest sense would be equally unanimous in wishing for union with such a Polish State. For instance, no one would probably ask, and doubtless no West Prussian would wish, for the union of West Prussia with a revived Poland. It is clear that a Poland without any seaboard could never be a very powerful State; but it is equally clear that Prussia will never return to the disjointed condition in which it was ninety years ago. West Prussia is really German—indeed it never was really Polish. Posen is quite another matter, and so is Galicia.

About the feeling in Polish Russia we hear the most contradictory reports, and we do not pretend to any more enlightenment on the subject than other people. We hear, on the one hand, that those provinces still are, and always have been, Russian in race, language and religion, that their union with Poland was merely compulsory, and that their re-union with Russia was simply a restoration of the natural order of things. On the other hand, we are told that, however Russian they may have been in times past, their long connexion with Poland has made them Polish now, that their Russian character is a mere ethnological dream, and that their inhabitants are one in feeling with the Poles of the Kingdom. Now we can easily believe that there is a great deal of truth in both these seemingly opposite pictures. Let us illustrate our meaning by an analogy nearer home. A foreign traveller, who knew nothing about it beforehand, might pass through Wales and take it for a purely English country. He would find English the language of the towns and of the gentry in the country; he would see all public and most private notices put up in English; on all frequented routes he would find everybody at least able to answer him in English; he would find that English laws prevail throughout the country, and that a Welshman has every personal and political right that an Englishman has. Such a one would probably greatly underrate the use of the Welsh language and the general amount of Welsh national feeling. Another traveller, who fell among the right people, who kept company with Bards and Druids, and was carried about to Eisteddfods, might be led to believe that the oppressed nationality of Wales was on the point of rising against the Saxon oppressor. Of course he would be utterly mistaken. No Welshman wishes for a separation; the Queen has no more loyal subjects anywhere than in Wales; the wildest form that Cymrian madness has yet taken is to announce that her Majesty is properly Queen of Wales with the Province of England attached. But then Wales is at one end of an island—it must be English or nothing. If a great independent Celtic Empire lay beyond it without any sort of natural boundary, we may be sure that things would be very different. There would probably be a strong English party—English by descent or by feeling, by interest or by gratitude—and there would probably be a still stronger national party seeking for annexation to their independent brethren. Those who now simply babble a sort of false antiquarianism without any practical meaning would then become real patriots, or traitors, whichever we might please to call them. Polish Russia in the last century was in the position in which Wales would be in the case we have put. We can well believe that large classes, especially in the towns and among the gentry, were really Polish, or had been Polonized by their long union. But we can also believe that there were other large classes who still remained Russian, who welcomed union with Russia, who do not now seek for union with Poland, but whose aspirations for freedom—if they have any—would take the form of a constitution for Russia, or of some more extensive dream of Pan Slavism. We do not profess to know, but it strikes us that the analogy which we have tried to draw out will explain the existence of such opposite stories, without supposing wilful falsehood in either.

The oddest thing of all is that, on all principles of ethnological and historical geography, His Imperial and Apostolic Majesty at Vienna must be set down as a wrongdoer against his brother Cæsar at St. Petersburg. The Empire of all the Russias is clearly lame and imperfect as long as Francis Joseph detains one of the said Russias—namely, that Kingdom of Galicia and Lodomeria which was known as Red Russia down to 1773. One might be half inclined to ask whether, if freedom can make no

better terms, Europe would be greatly injured by the Czar adding Red Russia to her sisters of other colours, and letting the Kingdom of Poland go free. If Austria and Hungary separate, it is hard to see how Austria can retain her hold on Galicia. But, without entering into speculations of this sort, the position of Galicia just now seems, by all accounts, to be one of the most curious points of all. The gentry are said to be Polish in feeling, and the peasantry to be Austrian. If so, the wicked old Constitution of Poland has played with a Nemesis indeed into the hands of despotism. The peasantry of Galicia now enjoy rights to which, in Polish times, they were utter strangers. The Polish gentry are the persons really dreaded, while the Austrian King is looked on as a benefactor. The restoration of Poland sounds to a Galician peasant much as the restoration of the old Monarchy would sound to a French peasant. Meanwhile, in the Russian part of the kingdom, the people are beginning to remember that they are neither Polish nor Austrian, but Russian. Ruthenian, we believe, is the proper word—there is some slight dialectic difference between these Polish-Russians and the Russians further east. But they are Russians, as distinguished from Poles, still more as distinguished from Austrians. When we add to all this the possibility of political movements in the empire of Russia itself, we shall have abundant materials in the Slavonic part of the world for either prophets or politicians.

Throughout this article we have not been arguing for or against any particular political course. Our immediate object is merely to clear away certain confusions which often obscure the understanding of the matter. We feel sure that many people do not at all clearly distinguish between the old historical Poland and the Poland of the Vienna Treaty—between the partition, in 1793, of an independent State among its neighbours, and the conversion, in 1831, of a Constitutional Kingdom into a despotism by the hands of its own king.

LAND IN INDIA.

IT is vain to expect from the Indian press anything like rational or instructive discussion of the great experiment which is to be tried by the Governor-General of India. In Calcutta, the determination of Lord Canning and his Council to permit the partial redemption of the land revenue appears to be chiefly valued as a reversal of the hitherto accepted maxims of Indian statesmanship; and the question of the feasibility and expediency of the measure is dismissed with some common-places about progress which one would have thought almost too thoroughly worn out even for colonial use. It is disappointing, however, to find that the English writers and speakers who have addressed themselves to the matter seem to have meditated it no more deeply than the gentlemen in Calcutta who are provided simply with the easy accomplishment of hot partisanship. Who would have thought that the first journal in London would have dismissed a Legislative Act second only in importance to the dethronement of the Company and the dissolution of its army with the intimation that an Englishman may now, if he pleases, buy the very piece of ground which is the scene of a story in the *Arabian Nights*!

To take one only of the questions which lie on the threshold of the subject. What is to be done with the price of the rights which the Indian Government proposes to sell? Mr. Danby Seymour, who has a prescriptive privilege to talk superficially on India, has just used language which seems to imply that he thinks the purchase-money will be returned to the purchaser. He speaks of the land-revenue as a tax of enormous amount, and appears to rejoice at its remission. But this part of the income of the Indian Government is not a tax, and no one dreams of remitting it, even if it were. Almost ever since political economy was a science, the best economists have held that the revenue derived by the sovereigns of India from land is not a tax, but rent, and many writers have further deduced the inference—to which the circumstances of India do not allow the significance with which it would otherwise be invested—that the Hindoo cultivator is, properly speaking, not taxed at all. Nobody, however, possessed of the least knowledge, has now a doubt that the Indian Government is the universal landowner, except where it has ceded its rights; and hence the best illustration of its present position is obtained by comparing it to a great English landlord who intends to alienate parts of his rental in perpetuity, or, in other words, to sell out-and-out a portion of his estate. The disposition of the purchase-money is obviously a matter of the gravest importance. The first thing is to overcome the temptation to spend the money as it comes in, as if it were so much income. The Government of India is not wantonly spendthrift, but no one who knows how sudden, unforeseen, and imperative are the calls on the Indian exchequer can reflect, without misgiving, that year after year it will become possessed of large amounts of ready cash, which may always be made available as income, but which are in reality so much capital. Let us, assume, however, that the Indian Treasury has the self-command to wish, and the good fortune to be able, to re-invest the produce of its sales. What will be the best investment for it? The adviser of an ordinary landlord would, under such circumstances, be sure to think two modes of bestowing the money preferable to all others. "If you have mortgages," he would say, "on your remaining estate, pay them off; if you

have none, increase the rent of the land which you retain by planting, draining, or otherwise improving it." There are two closely analogous courses open to the Indian Government. It can invest its money in public works, or it can apply it in extinguishing parts of its public debt. Both courses are most unobjectionable theoretically, and each of them in turn, or both concurrently, will probably be followed by the Indian Government; but it is worth while observing that neither of them will be quite as exempt from risk under the future conditions of the Indian Exchequer as they were before the experiment of alienating the Land Revenue was thought of.

If the mode of investment resorted to by the Indian Government is the paying off of its mortgages—or, in other words if it attempts to turn the produce of its sales into a fund for the liquidation of the various Indian stocks—little need be said on the subject, except that it is one on which good resolutions are as easy to form as they are difficult to persevere in. Unfortunately, the history of public debts shows that, while it is difficult to keep them at a fixed amount, it is all but impossible to bring them down from a limit which they have once attained. Every step taken in the right direction is sure to be almost immediately retraced. The first severe call for money suggests borrowing to the extent of the debt which has been paid off, for it is tacitly assumed that, when the State has once paid a certain amount of interest, it may just as well pay it again. The confirmed habits of borrowing which the Indian Government has lately contracted are of ill augury for the prospect of its long continuing to keep its ready money in hand for the payment of its debts. Indian financiers may possibly be proof against a temptation which has in former times overcome so much rigid virtue in Chancellors of the Exchequer; but those who know its strength may be excused some misgivings when they reflect that, if the debt of India is hereafter first reduced and then augmented to its former amount, the augmentation will represent capital irrecoverably spent, and the means of paying interest proportionately diminished.

Nothing can be more irreproachable than the policy of making all possible sacrifices for the purpose of aiding or carrying on Public Works. But the application of savings, or even of the public credit, to these objects is a very different thing from substituting them for the most important sources of revenue hitherto possessed by the Government. The number of undertakings in India which promise large immediate returns is now pretty well ascertained; and though it is true that there remain behind a vast variety of public works which cannot fail, in the long run, to be eminently remunerative, their effects will show themselves in the general improvement of the country rather than in profits from the undertakings themselves. If the price of the alienated land-revenue is systematically invested in Public Works, the Government will, before long, be forced to resort to the latter class of undertakings; and the consequence will be that the undoubted benefits arising from its expenditure will be felt less by itself than by the persons to whom it will have sold its rights over the soil. For, in a country like India, where the immense majority of the population is agricultural, increased prosperity will show itself in the increase of rents long before it is seen in the general augmentation of moveable wealth; and it is exactly of its right to rent that the Government proposes gradually to strip itself. Nor is it an irrelevant consideration, that by abandoning its rents the Government of India certainly alters the character in which it has hitherto promoted the execution of public works. The justification for its undertaking that which in other countries is best committed to private enterprise, consists in the peculiar machinery of Indian society. The Government of India, as universal landlord, has duties which do not fall on Governments which are merely guardians of the public peace; nor can there be any doubt that it was a sense of these duties which prompted the colossal constructions of the Mahometan sovereigns. It must be evident, however, that in proportion as the Government renounces its position as landowner, its relation to public works becomes anomalous from the point of view of political economists.

It is not necessary to deny the intrinsic desirableness of permitting the redemption of land revenue, in order to understand the doubts which Indian statesmen have felt on the subject. Besides the questions we have suggested, there are others which they may reasonably expect to have answered. It will have struck every one who has gone below the surface of the Governor-General's Minute, that the real difficulties of the change he announces have yet to be overcome. Lord Canning sets forth the terms on which the land of the State is to have its tenure altered; but he does not inform us, except in the most general language, what the new tenure is to be. The stress of the undertaking will come when this general language has to be translated into particulars, and when Lord Canning submits to his Legislative Council a plan for converting the lands sold by Government into "lands of inheritance." Is it really intended to enact, as the Indian newspapers seem to suppose, that the soil, discharged of Government rent, is to be held in "fee-simple" estates? If this be literally true, it means that these lands are to be entangled in the infinite complications of English real-property law, and that conveyances, settlements, mortgages, and devolutions are to follow the rules which are beginning to be considered barbarous even in Lincoln's Inn. It is difficult to believe that Lord Canning or his advisers have projected anything so monstrous as the intermixture of English land-law with

Indian land-law, or have dreamed of condemning the Indian landowner to hold his property partly under one, partly under the other, of the two most intricate systems of land-tenure known to the world. The only alternative is to suppose that an entirely new scheme of jurisprudence is to be settled for the benefit of these new proprietors. In that event, however, the change will not really take effect till the new Civil Code for India makes its appearance, and we have never heard that this great undertaking has even been commenced. Sir Charles Wood announced, last session, that the preliminary steps towards its preparation would shortly be taken; but he seemed to speak with very imperfect appreciation of the difficulties to be surmounted by its framers. Still, whatever those difficulties may be, it is absolutely certain that none of the bold experiments which the Indian Government seems bent on trying can have fair play or chance of success till the Code is published. In the present state of Indian law, the mere tampering with the land-tenures will in twenty years produce a confusion tenfold worse than that which European malcontents in India now declare to be insupportable.

THE RAILWAYS OF SPAIN.

THAT a system of railways was long ago projected in Spain, and the formation of them undertaken by certain English and French capitalists, many of our readers are probably aware. But few of them, unless they have recently visited the Peninsula, are likely to be acquainted with the great progress that has lately been made towards the completion of the principal lines, and with the improvement thereby effected in travelling in that country. A very short time ago, the continuous diligence journey of three days and nights required to reach Madrid from the frontiers, was a tax upon health and strength which few persons, without strong inducements, were willing to submit to. Even the most enthusiastic devotees of the fine arts might well be deterred by such a prospect from visiting what is usually allowed to be one of the most attractive collections of paintings in existence. The combined terrors of bad food, worse beds, and slow locomotion, popularly supposed to be inseparable from a journey through Spain, have, in fact, caused that country to be studiously avoided by the ordinary tourist, whilst other more distant parts of Europe, where the accommodation is really worse and the objects of attraction less numerous, have been annually resorted to by such as feel themselves competent to undertake something more than "Paris, Switzerland, and the Rhine."

Before we speak of the railways of Spain and the general amendment of locomotion which has followed their introduction, it may be as well to state that within these last few years Spanish inns—and we have corroborative testimony upon this point no less reliable than that of a special supplement to *Murray*—have undergone a great and general improvement. In all the larger and more important cities the accommodation afforded at the principal hotels is abundantly sufficient for any traveller of ordinary requirements. The *Fonda de los Embajadores* at Madrid, the "Suiza" at Cordova, two or three houses which might be mentioned at Seville, and others at Barcelona, Valencia, Malaga, and Cadiz, are remarkable for their good and clean rooms and excellent cuisine. It is indeed somewhat humiliating to an Englishman to find what comparatively second-rate accommodation he has to put up with when he arrives at Gibraltar. This remarkable change is no doubt mainly due to the facilities afforded by the newly introduced steam-boats and railways, and the consequent increase of travelling in Spain. The Spanish railway-guide, or *Indicador de los Caminos de Hierro*, is, it is true, by no means so bulky as our English Bradshaw, or even as the French *Indicateur*, upon the model of which it is drawn up. The map of the Peninsula, which forms its frontispiece, is but sparingly traversed by the black lines which indicate railways in operation; and even when the shaded portions, which denote such as are now in progress, shall have become deepened in tint, it will present an appearance very different from that of the cobwebs which cover England and France. But it is probable, nevertheless, that the completion of the lines already projected in Spain will be accompanied by a greater change in that country of thin population and bad roads than has been effected by the more perfect system of railways on our own or on the opposite side of the Channel.

Starting from Bayonne, the frontier town on the principal line of communication between the French and Spanish capitals, two railways, although both incomplete, are already in competition to carry passengers to Madrid. The northern line of Spain is at the present moment open only to a little this side of Burgos. The traveller must therefore proceed so far by diligence; or, should he prefer the perils of the Bay of Biscay to some thirty hours' land journey, he may take his passage in one of the steamers which run between Bayonne and Santander, and there join the railway at its northern termination on the sea-coast. Whichever route is chosen, the *Linea del Norte* will be found to come to a sudden termination at the foot of the Sierra de Guadarama some fifty miles north of Madrid; and a diligence-journey of four or five hours again intervenes between this point and the southern section of the same line which runs from the capital to the palace of the Escorial. The Guadarama chain offers a serious obstacle to the early completion of the *Linea del Norte* throughout. A tunnel of more than four miles in length is required to pierce the range between the Escorial and Avila, and although great

exertions, we believe, are being made to hasten the works, it must be some years before a task of such magnitude can be expected to be finished. Yet the very fact of such a formidable piece of engineering being undertaken—it is true by a foreign company—indicates a confidence in the future of Spain that a few years ago would have been looked upon as little short of madness. A few miles of railway are also still incomplete at the Santander end of the *Línea del Norte*, where the line crosses the northern Sierra. When this is filled up, as, we believe, will shortly be the case, the great corn-region of Medina del Campo will be connected with the principal port of Northern Spain, and the large wheat crops of this district, now comparatively valueless from the great expense of transport, will find a ready market in England and France.

The second line which we have spoken of as eventually intended to connect Bayonne and Madrid, and by the assistance of which the through journey may even now be made in about thirty hours, passes through Pamplona and Guadalajara. The diligence must be taken to Pamplona. Thence the Pamplona and Zaragoza Railway, now open nearly throughout, is used to Alagon. A second service of diligences connects the latter place with Jadraque—the present terminus of the Madrid and Zaragoza line. This renders the Pamplona route the quickest for travellers going direct to Madrid, though the cities of Burgos and Valladolid are objects of attraction which would probably induce most tourists visiting Spain to prefer the *Línea del Norte*.

To the south of Madrid, a railway of about 280 miles in length, connecting the capital with the sea-port of Alicante, has been for some time in operation throughout. More recently, a branch-line has been opened to Valencia, and the time between Paris (*via* Marseilles) and Madrid by this route still further decreased. The weekly Algerian steamer from Oran touches regularly at Valencia; and the excellent boats of Lopez and Co. run three times a week between Alicante and Marseilles, stopping only at Barcelona, so that there is little difficulty in performing the journey between the French and Spanish capitals by either of these routes. A branch of the "Madrid and Alicante" is also open to Toledo, rendering that interesting city easily accessible in about four hours from Madrid. A second branch has been lately completed from Alcazar across the plains of La Mancha to Ciudad Real. A line is projected which will extend from the latter city to Badajoz, and join the Portuguese system, and we believe its construction has already been undertaken by a responsible company. The traveller going from Madrid into Andalusia takes the Ciudad Real branch as far as Manzanares, whence a diligence journey of more than twenty hours must be encountered before Cordova is reached. The works are, however, already far advanced between these two points, and before next summer it is probable that a considerable portion of the gap will be filled up. From Cordova to Cadiz, *via* Seville, along the valley of the Guadalquivir, an uninterrupted line of railway is now in operation; so that the mails run through from Madrid to Cadiz in about forty hours, and the traveller who is pressed for time may perform the journey with equal speed. Before long, or we are greatly mistaken, the overland-route will be often adopted between Gibraltar and London. The attractions of Madrid and Paris *en passant* will go far in the military mind to counterbalance the tedium of a long land-journey, especially when the Bay of Biscay has to be encountered in the sea-passage.

In the vicinity of Barcelona, the busiest city in Spain, and where the chimneys and crowds combined almost remind one of what Manchester might be if its sky were ever clear, several short railways connecting the Catalonian capital with the environs have been for some time in operation. The important line between Barcelona and Zaragoza—about 230 English miles in length—has only been opened during the past autumn, and when the gap between the latter place and Jadraque is filled up, will serve as a direct means of communication between Barcelona and Madrid. The junction of the French and Spanish systems at this end of the Pyrenees by a railway between Barcelona and Perpignan, has been for some time under contemplation. On the Spanish side two lines out of Barcelona, each of forty miles in length are open, which will shortly be united at their extremities and terminate at Gerona. Whether the route to be adopted between Gerona and Perpignan (a distance of some sixty miles) is yet definitively settled, we are not quite certain; but we believe it is intended to pass through the French town of Port Vendre and along the sea-coast.

With the exception of a short line in the Asturias, which connects the coal-fields of Langreo with the sea-coast at Gijon, we have now pointed out the direction of all the railways in operation in Spain. Their total length amounts altogether to about 1450 English miles. The whole thing is still in its infancy, many huge gaps existing even on the principal lines of communication. But, as we have already said, the change already effected in travelling in Spain is considerable, and will be greater. It is perhaps to the influence of her railways as much as anything that a large amount of the remarkable progress generally allowed to have been made by Spain during these last few years is due. The lines are mostly in the hands of French capitalists, and are worked exactly according to the French model. It is satisfactory to be able to state that they pay good dividends to the shareholders, averaging, we believe, in most cases something like six per cent. per annum, and that the traffic is showing a gradual but steady increase. As the

lines have been cheaply constructed, and are not likely to be harassed by competition, though we have not yet sufficient confidence in the future of Spain to recommend Spanish Bonds, we have reason to believe that there are many worse investments in the stock-markets of Europe than Spanish Railways.

THE PROSPECTS OF A NAVAL WAR.

IN calculating the probabilities of peace or war with the United States, it must not be forgotten that there prevails among the Americans a belief in the superiority of their naval skill which may go far to neutralize the effect of any comparison between their naval power and our own. If they are persuaded that numerical weakness is certain to be allied with energy, sagacity, and fortune, the only result of insisting upon their weakness will be to raise their hopes of victory. We do not, of course, assume that the Americans, who combine with their boastful disposition a large amount of practical sagacity, will be so far deluded as to calculate upon a realization of those pictures of surpassing naval prowess which have been conjured up by poetical historians. Official responsibility is fatal to the belief in myths, and it is a very sober fact that the United States has not a single screw-ship of the line, and only a dozen vessels which can be called screw-frigates. Nevertheless, it must not be too hastily assumed that this consideration will suffice to deter the United States from war with England. They are too much like ourselves to allow the sense of their own weakness to induce them to submit to what they think is violence. If we wished to address to the people of the United States an argument which should persuade them to a peaceful settlement, we certainly should not dwell too much upon the inferiority of their naval power.

Mr. Horsman, in his late very able speech at Stroud, endeavoured to mitigate his countrymen's alarm at the prospect of suffering from American privateers. It is no doubt quite true, as Mr. Horsman says, that a large portion of the Atlantic coast would be hostile to those depredators on British commerce. But, on the other hand, it should be remembered that the United States have acquired, since we were last at war with them, the command of a vast extent of the Pacific coast. It must not be forgotten that this war—if there be a war—will be waged in the most distant and out-of-the-way places as well as in the chops of the Channel and off New York. There will be war between the British and American parties which now occupy the disputed island of San Juan, and we shall hear of a handful of adventurers fitting out any sort of vessel they can procure at San Francisco, and running down with a fair wind towards Australia in search of booty. The probability would no doubt be that such adventurers would be captured, rather than that they would get safe back; but they might inflict great loss, and cause extreme confusion and alarm before that happy consummation should be attained. We do not, indeed, apprehend that the Californians will feel any violent inclination towards naval warfare; but still, the prospect of plunder will not be unattractive either to settlers in that State or to immigrants who may be drawn thither from the East by a consciousness of special aptitude for rapine. Whatever else may be the consequence of this unhappy contest in the Pacific, it certainly will put an end to the practice, which we have found very convenient, of repairing our cruisers at San Francisco. The latest account received from that port states that a British man-of-war was lying there waiting to be docked, which would be done as soon as the damage caused to the dock by another British man-of-war should have been repaired. It was added that the delay would have been much longer than was then expected, but that the courtesy of the American dockyard officers would probably grant to a British man-of-war priority over several merchantmen which were in need of similar accommodation. It is scarcely possible to imagine a greater contrast than this between what is, and what, in the deplorable event of war, would be, the state of relations between the British naval force in the Pacific and the American settlements upon its shores. According to a correspondent of the *Times*, who wrote from Vancouver's Island about seven weeks ago, the British naval force in the Pacific is by no means equal to its many duties, and it would be still less equal to them but for the fortunate circumstance that its officers are on the very best of terms with the American authorities at San Francisco. We simply refer to this state of things as affording a very strong reason why our Government should be energetic and comprehensive in its preparations, and why our people should be moderate in their expectations of complete success and immunity from losses and disappointment. As soon as we begin to think of war, it is discovered, on one side of America, that a railway from Halifax to Quebec would be highly convenient for transporting troops, and, on the other side, that a dockyard near Vancouver's Island will be felt to be extremely necessary whenever our navy shall be deprived of the conveniences it has enjoyed through the courtesy of those who may possibly become our enemies. It is impossible, in time of peace, to obtain money for making all those preparations, which, in time of war, appear to be of almost priceless value. We shall have to do on this occasion, if it should arise, just what we have often done before—to expend, during war, a pound because we would not expend a shilling during peace. It would seem that, if hostilities were to begin to-day, the Americans might reckon on taking at least one British prize—viz., the six-gun sloop

Hecate, which is probably now in dock at San Francisco. Even if this vessel has completed her repairs, some other may have arrived to take her place. At any rate, it is quite bad enough to know that, when San Francisco shall be closed, there will be no other dock open to the British squadron. This evil, which, under any circumstances, would be serious, is enhanced by the very perfection to which we have brought our ships of war. The old style of rough-and-ready sailing cruiser could knock about the world and manage to maintain her efficiency, such as it was, for almost any time and under almost any difficulties; but it is quite different with the screw steamers which we now employ in the Pacific. The Correspondent of the *Times* points out this difference very clearly. After complaining of the want of docks, he says—"A ship could be hove down, of course; but I should think that this expedient, always tedious in case of sailing vessels, would be both tedious and very dangerous to our present steamers." If war appears more probable it will no doubt be among our Government's earliest cares to reinforce the Pacific squadron, which is stated to be dangerously small at present. The ships required for this service are of course screw frigates and corvettes. It will probably be now admitted that the British navy does not possess one more than it ought to do of vessels of these classes, whose presence has become necessary all over the world. We could wish that hereafter it might not be forgotten that a British fleet, whether of wood or iron, must always comprise ships which are capable of two or three years' service in the North Pacific, where dockyard accommodation does not exist.

There is, fortunately, no want of activity at present in the dockyards at home, and it is, we trust, in the main, well directed. The Admiralty will, we hope, steadily avoid the error of employing on line-of-battle ships hands which might be at work on frigates and corvettes. The first object of our warlike preparations ought to be the protection of our own commerce and the defeat of such antagonists as may venture beyond the shelter of our enemy's ports; and there could not be a greater mistake than to waste time in completing and fitting ships which the enemy certainly will not attack and which certainly will not catch him if he declines action. Almost the first vessel which has sailed to reinforce our squadron on the North American coast was the line-of-battle ship *Hero*. As this ship was ready to go, there could be no harm in sending her; and we may venture to hope that the notorious fact that the American navy does not reckon a single vessel of the same class has not been forgotten at the Admiralty. Indeed, it is only justice to the Board to observe that it has, within the last week, contemplated turning over the crew of a line-of-battle ship to a frigate, so as to get a sufficiently powerful cruiser and a surplus of two hundred men available for some other vessel. It is quite useless to employ, in an American war, ships which would be far too strong for any possible opponents; and, on the other hand, it would be the height of folly to employ ships which would be too weak. It must be remembered that, if these wooden ships are really as destructible as has been supposed, a line-of-battle ship offers a larger body and more human lives to destruction than a frigate. A speaker at a public meeting, who recommends that twenty sail of the line should be sent to demand reparation for the outrage to the *Trent*, was probably using a metaphorical expression. In the first place, we have not got the ships ready to send, and in the second, if we had them, three-quarters of such a fleet would be quite useless, and the remaining quarter nearly so. We should prefer to see the Government support its demand, if necessary, by sending out a few such frigates as the *Shannon*, which at this moment wants, we believe, nothing but a captain to be ready for sea. The *Shannon* is a name well known in the former war, as borne by a ship which did more than any other to retrieve the disasters caused by our imprudence. It is borne, at present, by a ship of nearly 2700 tons, carrying fifty-one heavy guns, and capable of a speed of twelve knots per hour. The *Emerald*, of equal force and greater speed, is already on her voyage to strengthen the squadron on which would fall the first brunt of war. We must not, in our anxiety to equip frigates, send to sea those which are small and under-powered, and of weight of metal inferior to their anticipated opponents. It was the error of the last war to employ two or three weak vessels where one strong vessel would have sufficed. By multiplying cruisers, the opportunities for patronage were increased, while the reputation of the fleet was risked without the least occasion. The public will be keenly alive now to the faintest signs of jobbery. The Admiralty will be expected to send to sea our largest and fastest frigates and corvettes, fully manned with efficient seamen, and commanded by officers who deserve confidence. When it has done this, it will have done enough for safety, and there will be time to consider what more may be done for conquest. A country which possesses sea-going iron-plated ships, armed with heavy rifled cannon, may not unreasonably expect to see some advance upon the traditions of former wars as regards the impregnability of hostile harbours. But let us, in the first place, provide thoroughly for the protection of our own honour and property wherever they may be exposed to danger. For this service we want none but seamen. Such crews as those which we sent into the Baltic at the outbreak of the war with Russia will not serve our turn. We do not want very many men, but we want, and in moderate numbers we can get, good men.

MR. BRIGHT ON GRAMMATICAL STUDIES.

"DOST thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man?" demanded Jack Cade—according to Shakspeare—of the Clerk of Chatham. Poetical justice, in the same scene, takes the form of hanging the clerk "with his pen and ink-horn about his neck." We recognise the same instinct of the democratic mind in Mr. Bright's denunciation of "Grammar" as in the repugnance of his great prototype to the use of the ink-horn and the "setting of copies." We are too often reminded by current language of the disadvantages, in all the various elements of social position, under which the men whom Mr. Bright was addressing inevitably labour. Thus we have the "educated" classes, the "labouring," the "lower-middling," and other terms implying contradistinction of advantages shared or missed. But we protest against the insidious advice which would induce those who are much below us in the social scale to forego, of their own act and deed, what by their own energy they might easily command—if not immediately for themselves, at any rate for their children. The letter "h" is a great class divider. Would Mr. Bright wish to dissuade his constituents from the proper appreciation of its powers? It is so very simple and small a thing, and yet marks so very much, that it is certain to excite ridicule wherever ostentatious social pretences are found not to abide its test. It proclaims that the pretender is below a certain line to which a certain estimation is attached, and the maxim of "the right man in the right place" at once remits him to his proper sphere. The line which thus traverses society is very sharp and fine, but by drawing another much rougher and less regular, we might divide it into the grammatical and ungrammatical classes. Of course the former would not always consist of those who had studied Lindley Murray, or other similar authority, in their youth, nor the latter of those who had neglected such studies; but that grammar, like other things, is most likely to be correctly known when made a special and technical subject of attention, few of the working men at Rochdale can be such fools as not to see. Nay, even their lecturer does not tax their credulity or presume on their ignorance so far as that. He merely lays it down that the special study of grammar is superfluous for them, because "it may easily be learnt without all that"—he means without rules or system—and "that it is very difficult for any person who reads well-written books and understands them, not to acquire a very competent knowledge of grammar without finding it necessary to learn all the rules in that celebrated but unhappy book." Now, precisely the same thing, so far as it is true, which is to a very small extent, might be said of arithmetic. Who does not know the terse and vigorous lines in which the weary brain of youth has avenged itself on Cocker? Why, if "multiplication" be "vexation," yet worth the mastering, should moods and conceptions be scouted because they are "dry?" But here we mark the important difference. Multiplication is found by Mr. Bright and his clients to have a potent influence on wages. The young hopeful who begins by pulling bobbins in a factory as soon as his labour is marketable, may, if sharp and enterprising, become an over-looker, with an extra ten shillings or fifteen shillings a week, by mere force of figures. "Learn figures, then, by all means, though dry as dust, for that dust is dust of gold," is in effect the advice of John Cade's successor; "but as you won't find any employer who is prepared to pay you for speaking and writing correctly, don't waste your time on what will never put an extra shilling in your pockets." He could hardly, in the way of advice, go further towards destroying the object for which he has lived and agitated—the elevation of the mob, namely, to political supremacy. For, so long as we can propound so simple a shibboleth to those who seek to swamp and rule us as the power of writing a sentence grammatically, we are in little danger of being revolutionized by universal suffrage. To urge the mob not to qualify themselves for political functions by accepting the higher forms of education, is to condemn them to perpetual exclusion. So long as they storm in bad English at the gates of the Constitution, we shall always know what answer to give. So long as the claims of the non-voting classes are thus signed with the stamp of an illiberal education, every one who knows how to write an English sentence correctly will know better than to trust them with political power. Their powerful friend, the demagogue, is powerful in part by their very ignorance, to which impatience and obstinacy are always allied. By dissuading them from any mental training which cannot be minted into wages, he keeps their minds in that beast-of-burden condition which seeks the relief of dram-drinking, and the stimulus of "penny-gaffs." His influence depends on their degradation; and if he can only keep them degraded, and yet content on every point save one—their exclusion from the suffrage—the work of agitation will never flag.

The grand idea which underlies such a theory of education seems to be that the mind is the great purveyor for the body, and that the wants of the latter and the means of their supply are the only proper study of the former. Hence, whatever faculty can be brought into the labour market and be made to yield bread and cheese, is worth cultivating; and whatever cannot, may be let go as unworthy the attention of a wages-earning creature. That the mind has organs and functions peculiarly its own, and ranging beyond the things of *avoirduis* and truck, does not enter into the thoughts of such public advisers as Mr. Bright. The

man who is bent on detaching politics from history, ignoring the past, flattening down society till human beings differ only as sheep, in the weight of tallow and wool which they carry, and throwing votes in volleys like stones to knock down whatever is above the level of the mass, may well seek to debase the mind by making it thus a mere minister of animal wants. Why, indeed, should men talk, or write, or read what is written, correctly, upon such a view of the province of mind? What do we want with language more than to understand one another roughly and sufficiently? Suppose a man does spell "physic" with an *f*, we none of us suppose that he eats, drinks, or sleeps the worse for it, or is worth the less in the wages-market. Even if competitive examinations force at present a factitious standard, that will be all set right when the masses resume their rightful sovereignty, and in a happy equality none will spell better than his fellow.

But Mr. Bright knows better than to make his speech repulsive to the better instincts among the shrewd, homely wits whom he was addressing. He does not say the mind is to be bound to grind for the body—he only leaves it pregnantly implied. Nay, he contrives to say something in vague and general terms like the opposite of this. He has a grand flourish, further on, about "setting your boy or girl to some pursuit which is pleasing, instructing, and elevating." He pronounces for "mental" improvement, excluding grammar and whatever else is "dry," but including "something to furnish relief to the mind and relaxation to the body, when they leave the loom or the mill." Does he suppose the operatives need such hints as these? They find their relief and their relaxation not in the dry diet of Lindley Murray, but in the rank and succulent fodder of the circulating library. This is the mental provender which they especially favour, and Mr. Bright's advice will probably have the effect, if it has any effect at all, of deterring any whose "mental" aspirations for "improvement" take a higher range. When a man, however, has once made up his mind that what he is going to say will be relished by his audience, he need be under no trouble about the arguments by which he recommends it. So Mr. Bright prefers to laugh Lindley Murray out of court. If his language on this head means anything, it means that the opinions of children are to be taken on what they are to learn or not. We admit the consistency, though not the wisdom, of this. It is of a piece with much that Mr. Bright always talks. It is only a "boyhood suffrage" on a question which boys understand nearly as well as their non-enfranchised seniors at Rochdale may be presumed to understand international law or European politics. The *Times*, which trumps the absurdity in a leader, does so apparently merely to make Mr. Bright stare by agreeing with him for once, in a matter not likely to damage its circulation.

But yet again if grammar is to be excluded as a tool and trainer of the mind because it may be virtually picked up from half-hours with the best authors, how much more may childhood plead for similar exemption from the technicalities of arithmetic! Mr. Bright has sadly overrun his argument here. Number is a pure province of regular thought, and finds its place among our primary conceptions, together with all that relates to it. It absolutely excludes all that of which language must ever include much, the arbitrary element, the alloy which makes language more ductile in substance but less regular in its forms. Hence it "comes by nature" in a sense in which grammar, including of course spelling, never can. Yet Mr. Bright urges its claims on the ground of practical importance, *i.e.*, in plain English, of its market price—a clear proof that he does not extend to an attainment regarded as of real value the maxim that it may be as well picked up second-hand as studied with formal exactness. We should like to see, in reference to this supposition, the best-read mechanic who has never studied grammar attempt to write a note on any ordinary subject in the third person. But this twaddle about grammar acquired without learning it was perhaps not seriously meant. It was only something shaped like a reason for Mr. Bright's natural antipathy to the one study which has lain at the root of English education as far back as history speaks of it. It needed only the qualification of having trained the greatest men of all ranks, classes, and professions who have done him the disservice to live before him and leave their remains in his way, to ensure its condemnation by Mr. Bright.

It must have been with a heavy heart that he bestowed a prize for "grammar"—if the report speak correctly—in the course of the evening's proceedings at Rochdale. The admission, too, that Lindley Murray was a native of the United States must have been wrong from him with pain and grief. We believe that not only was the offending author a citizen of that highly-favoured Republic, but that his teaching continues to be largely followed in the Transatlantic "common schools." Yet he is to be viewed, perhaps, as a relic of an unenlightened age—a remnant of the "old dominion" clinging to the land of the free. For as a lady, anxious for her own offspring's culture, was once assured by an eminent "evangelical" divine, that the boy's tutor could not be expected to be at once a "true Christian" and a "sound scholar," so we must suppose that between thorough democracy of sentiment and the art of speaking or writing correctly there is some practical repulsion, if not some essential incompatibility; and we may add that we should be very sorry for the antipathy to cease.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

THAT theatrical managers never gain wisdom by experience, however dearly that experience may be bought, is almost an axiom in the philosophy of the Stage; and the present directors of the English Opera at Covent Garden have not heretofore appeared to form an exception to its truth. After two successful seasons in undisturbed possession of the English Operatic stage, they had to encounter last year a most formidable opposition at Her Majesty's Theatre, involving the secession of some of the most valuable members of their company. To meet this, little was attempted, either by new operas or new singers, and the result of such supineness was a most disastrous season. This year, Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison have been relieved from their rival, but their conduct of operatic matters has not yet been such as to draw the public within their spell. Indeed, when once a manager succeeds in emptying a theatre so satisfactorily as Covent Garden has lately been, the choicest bills of fare are looked at with suspicion.

Mr. Santley, the value of whose services cannot be overrated, has returned to Covent Garden, and Madame Guerrabella (an English lady) has been added to the soprani; but even with these improvements the company is hardly strong enough for our only English Opera, especially in the list of tenors. How far the fact of the managers being themselves leading singers may influence the meagre state of the company, it is not for us to determine, but if two of the principal singers were by any accident prevented from appearing, it is not too much to say that the performances could hardly go on. The new opera with which the present season commenced was passed over by us in silence, and we cannot but consider the laudatory, not to say extravagant, terms in which it was spoken of in some quarters as cruel to the management and ruinous to the composer. Little better fate has attended the revival of *Lurline*, or the transplanting of *Robin Hood*, which, although the trump card in their adversary's hand last year, has not prospered in its new home. Under these circumstances, Mr. Balfe's opera has, we believe, been produced somewhat earlier than was originally contemplated; and the house on its first performance, with every seat filled, was an agreeable change from the deserted aspect it had hitherto presented.

Mr. Bridgeman has supplied the book of the new opera, and the plot, although not very novel, affords opportunities for effective operatic treatment. Colonel Wolf (Mr. H. Corri), formerly of Cromwell's regiment of "Ironsides," has entered into a conspiracy to carry off Charles the Second, and place him on board a vessel commanded by Seymour (Mr. St. Albyn), a buccaneer. Wolf promises, as the reward of this service, the hand of his daughter Mary (Miss Louisa Pyne), who is betrothed to Clifford (Mr. Santley), a Cavalier whose father lost life and fortune by his devotion to the Royal cause. Mary accidentally overhears the Puritans while planning their conspiracy in a ruined chapel attached to Middleton Hall, the residence of Colonel Wolf. Being discovered, the conspirators, to secure their safety, bind her by a solemn oath not to disclose what she has heard, and they force her to consent to marry Seymour by threatening to kill Clifford if she refuse. In the second act, Charles and Rochester, who have lost their way while in pursuit of some coy beauty, take shelter incoog. at Middleton Hall. Wolf recognises the King, and gives orders that no one shall leave the house save Clifford, whom he is anxious to get rid of as speedily as possible. Incited by a wager with Rochester as to the power of his fascinations when divested of his regal character, Charles makes love to Mary—who, however, diverts his Majesty from his pursuit, and, on his disclosing himself as the King, induces him to promise that he will restore Clifford to his lost titles and lands. Remembering what she heard in the chapel, Mary now endeavours to lead the King by a secret passage from the house. This she finds guarded, and being interrupted by Clifford, she conceals the King behind a sliding picture. Clifford attempts to persuade Mary to fly with him; and on her refusing, declares her marriage a blind, that she may carry on an intrigue with the Cavalier. Bound by her oath, Mary is unable to render any explanation. This is, however, given by the King, who emerges from his hiding-place, and whom Clifford, of course, first defies, and then resolves to save. Charles is enveloped in Clifford's cloak, and thus passes through the Puritan soldiers unobserved. In the third act, Seymour promises Clifford, imagining him the King, to betray the Puritans for a sum of money. Clifford discloses himself, and a scene of recrimination ensues, interrupted by the entrance of the Puritans. Incensed at the escape of their prey, they threaten Mary for having betrayed their plot. Ralph, however, confesses that he had disclosed their plans, having overheard them in the chapel. Upon this they resolve to put Clifford, Rochester, and Ralph to death. After a pathetic but fruitless appeal by Mary to her father for their lives, Seymour is just about to fire upon Clifford, when he is himself shot by a party of his own sailors led by his lieutenant (whose sweetheart Seymour had once betrayed), in company with the King, who thus cuts the Gordian knot, and brings down the curtain upon a rapturous rondo from the *prima donna*.

Mr. Balfe has set this story in a very pleasing manner. There may be little, perhaps, which seizes upon the ear and refuses to be driven out, like "Marble Halls" in the *Bohemian Girl*, or the "Power of Love" in *Satanella*; but there is much which

is elegant and vocal. The overture is decidedly one of the best, if not the very best, which Mr. Balfe has given us, and was deservedly encored. It opens with an *andante* in three-four time for the horns, accompanied, after the leading phrase is introduced, solely by the other wind instruments. It recalls Mendelssohn's well-known part song, the "Hunter's Farewell;" but it is treated in a manner quite Mr. Balfe's own. This phrase is used with considerable effect in the conspiracy scene in the chapel. We then have a graceful passage for the strings in a minor key—one of the most striking phrases in the whole opera, and which is again employed in the duet between Clifford and Mary in the first act. This leads to a sprightly tune of the kind M. Auber has accustomed us to. These two movements being repeated, the overture concludes with a *coda*, in which the big drum and cymbals play a prominent part. The opening chorus is a pleasing waltz, but an attempt to elevate it in the second verse by an orchestral painting of a storm, is not, we think, altogether successful. The comic duet, in which the bashful Ralph is made to declare his passion to Jessie, is pretty and new; but the ballad in which the stern Puritan sacrifices his daughter to his country had nothing which calls for remark, and has since been omitted. The oath of the Puritans in the ruined chapel was decidedly effective and grows upon acquaintance; indeed, the music of the whole of this scene was excellent, and fully carried out the dramatic position. There is a pleasing effect by the muted violins accompanying Mary's reproach to Seymour; and a phrase for voices alone, led by Mary, is eminently pathetic and truthful. Miss Pyne's first ballad, "Pretty, lowly, modest flower," was encored, and is, especially the first part, almost an inspiration; but what perhaps excited the most enthusiasm in the first act was a ballad for Clifford, which occurs in the duet between him and Mary. It is very pleasing, and was sung to perfection, but we must be allowed to protest against the present fashion of writing at the extreme end of the baritone register, the effect of which is to weaken the middle and lower tones, and thus render the voice very ineffective in concerted music, where the higher notes can rarely be used by this voice. This ballad will no doubt become very familiar, as every one who can sing at all will be sure to attempt it in some form or other. In the second act, we have a very pretty trio for the entry of Charles and Rochester. The song in which Wolf determines to kill the King presents little novelty; but there is a sort of chant, sung by him and one of his followers, which Mr. Balfe has invested with the true Puritan flavour. The duet in which Mary obtains the King's promise to befriend Clifford contains a bravura for Miss Pyne which is very pleasing, and is the only opportunity Miss Pyne has of exhibiting her special gift of florid execution till the rondo at the end of the opera. A drinking song for Rochester, who has got drunk over a bowl of punch, is very clever and piquant, and is regularly encored, although we think Mr. Harrison made it unnecessarily coarse. The trio for the King, Mary, and Clifford is the best concerted piece in the opera, but it requires a heavier voice than Mr. Patey possesses to render it due justice. The chorus of Puritans, on discovering that their prey has escaped—"Our hopes are baffled"—recalls in some respects Signor Verdi's manner; but where they sentence those who remain to death, Mr. Balfe seems to have trusted to himself, and the result is far more pleasing. In this scene is an exquisite ballad for Miss Pyne—"My father dear." It was sung in a manner which left absolutely nothing to be desired, and obtained a loud encore, which, however, was declined.

Mr. Balfe's treatment of his orchestra on this occasion presents few points of remark. It is always pleasing and correct, but in the *Puritan's Daughter* there are few novel combinations, and he has rarely endeavoured to impart any peculiar piquancy to his score. We may here say that the orchestra—thanks to Mr. Mellon's excellent conducting—was irreproachable from first to last. The chorus has not a very arduous task—in fact, the ladies appear when the curtain rises, and are not again seen or heard (which is more to the point) till Miss Pyne advances to the foot-lights for her rondo; but what they had to do could not have been done better if the opera had been running thirty nights instead of being on its trial. We have rarely heard Miss Pyne sing better than she does in the *Puritan's Daughter*. She has not, as we have already said, many opportunities for florid display, and we were surprised at the exquisite way in which she gave the numerous pathetic passages which fall to her share. Miss Susan Pyne, in the little part of Jessie, never before pleased us so much. Of the gentlemen, Mr. Santley bore away the largest share of the honours. He bids fair to be, if he be not already, the first baritone in Europe; and many of his coadjutors would do well to study, with a view to their improvement, the manner in which he phrases and enunciates his words and music. His part does not afford much scope for acting, but he is evidently becoming more at home on the stage, and will, no doubt, ripen into a respectable actor. In the tenor part of Rochester, Mr. Harrison enters a somewhat new line of character, in which, to judge from the laughter he excites, he seems to please his audience; but we should prefer a rather less broad delineation of Rochester's drunken frolics. Rochester associated with gentlemen, even though they were somewhat given to wine. Mr. Patey does not come up to our notion of Charles the Second, nor is he heard to the same advantage as he was in *Robin Hood*. Mr. Honey has not much opportunity for his special humour. The part is not a good one, certainly. The joke is, for him to say "he means well" on all occasions—a pendant to

the "why didn't you say so before" of the *Rose of Castile*—neither of which sayings are, perhaps, remarkable for their humour. The music of his part has been considerably curtailed since the first performance of the Opera, but we still think the piece would have been better played had his part been confided to some one more professedly a vocalist. Mr. Corri was painstaking in his efforts to make a character of the Puritan Colonel, but the part is not a pleasing one. His singing was very good. The minor characters were respectably filled, but the singers do not cope successfully with broken musical dialogue. The opera is well put on the stage, and the dresses are new and good. The ruined chapel in the first act, and the hall in the last act, with a large staircase and gallery, are highly effective. In conclusion, we can scarcely doubt that the *Puritan's Daughter*, even if it should not create so great a *furor* as the *Rose of Castile*, will prove, as it well deserves, abundantly successful; and Covent Garden may be congratulated on possessing an attraction which will, we trust, draw back the public within its doors.

REVIEWS.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.*

MR. HUGHES has very courageously attempted in these volumes to do two very difficult things. He has ventured on a continuation of a successful story, and continuations are almost always failures. He has tried to draw a picture of college life, and a picture of college life has hitherto been a burlesque on the most trivial circumstances in the career of the most trivial undergraduate. We cannot say that he appears to us to have been successful in either attempt. The old *Tom Brown* was clear, compact, and spirited—the new *Tom Brown* is vague, rambling, and dull. It is a picture of Oxford which certainly is not a mere burlesque; but although each component part is not very unlike some feature of Oxford life, yet the whole is very unlike what Oxford seems to most Oxford men. It must, however, be acknowledged that Mr. Hughes has looked some of the more obvious difficulties of his task fully in the face, and has tried to overcome them. It was a great temptation, in writing this new work, to trade as largely as possible on the old one—to bring in all the characters that had already won the favour of the world in *Tom Brown* at school. Mr. Hughes has had more consideration for his readers. He has invented a new set of characters, and, with one exception, he gets rid of the Rugby boys of *Tom Brown* altogether. He has attempted to draw more than that humble vein of adventure which figures in the old Oxford sporting novel, or that pert flow of slang and that infantine jollity which make up the attractions of the more modern college story. *Tom Brown* sees men of more than one kind at Oxford. He gets into scrapes, and he enjoys a certain amount of fun; but he is also haunted with many more moral difficulties, and enters into much more intellectual discussion, than ever came across the path of *Peter Priggins* or *Verdant Green*. The hero is also taken away from Oxford, and we have a record not only of his pursuits in vacation, but of his love-making and final marriage. Still, the book is not only a failure, but is evidently written by an author who knew that it was a failure. It keeps getting more dull, purposeless, and depressing, and we feel relieved from any hesitation in owning ourselves weary by the sincerity with which the author indicates that no one can be so weary as he is himself.

Any one who compares the new *Tom Brown* with the old may easily see how it is that the general result is so different. There were two things in *Tom Brown's School Days* which greatly impressed every reader. In the first place, Mr. Hughes has a very extraordinary power of reproducing scenes in which he has taken a part—of remembering, and of putting on record all he remembers, of filling up what others would leave as a general sketch, and of giving life and consistency to his delineations of the outward events which he can bring clearly before his mind's eye. In the second place, all the photography of Rugby life was lit up with the presence of Arnold. Mr. Hughes not only drew Rugby as a school, but he drew it as a place where a man with a strong character and a singular power of commanding and over-awing and inspiring young men and boys found the freest scope for all his energies. There was plenty of sermonizing in *Tom Brown's School Days*, and it was obvious that the writer thoroughly felt what he wrote and loved to write it. But the sermonizing was all of a definite kind, limited in scope, applied to a particular set of people and subjects, and was in effect the transcript of the real teaching of a real man. In the new *Tom Brown* we have again the graphic writing, and again we have the sermonizing. There are many passages in the description of Oxford which are excellent. The sketch of the boat-race—that of the gaieties of Commemoration—that of one or two breakfast parties, and of some of the talk of undergraduates, fast and slow, are all capital. They are lifelike, and without an affectation of over-accuracy; are, in substance, very effective representations of the thing to be described. In the

* *Tom Brown at Oxford*. By the Author of "*Tom Brown's School Days*." London: Macmillan. 1861.

same way, when Tom Brown goes home, and takes to fishing, the narrative of his fishing exploits, the description of the fish, of the water, the weeds, the grass, and the sky are all fresh from the pen of a man who has seen what he is talking of, who has noted what he has seen, and who has a remarkable power of putting down on paper what he recollects. But there are many subjects into which the career of his hero takes Mr. Hughes for which he has no *forte*, about which he does not trouble himself, and through which he drifts in a hopeless, aimless way which is very trying to his readers. The issues and the wavering fortunes of Tom Brown's love-making, for instance, are left almost to chance. The author is not going to be bored with them. At first, the thing is managed pretty well. The young lady is a lioness at a Commemoration, and her behaviour as a lioness is well described. This is a piece of the outward spectacle of Oxford life which Mr. Hughes has seen and can reproduce. But when she goes away, when difficulties arise, when passion and sorrow, and the contest of feelings are to be delineated, we have only the mere skeleton of a story instead of a real handling of the subject.

The sermonizing of the old book is also to be found in the new one, but it appears in a very different way. It is no longer the teaching of a well-known man, applied in a region where he was omnipotent, and limited by the very facts with which he had to deal. It is now a kind of running commentary, written by a well-meaning man on the ordinary events of life. It is all very good, but so is most sermonizing. Few people who lecture their imaginary characters lecture them so as to do them or their readers harm. Mr. Hughes gives very sound advice to undergraduates and to young ladies; but few writers have given it less adroitly. The lessons instilled by Tom's adventure with Patty are perhaps an exception. If the subject was to be touched on at all, the lesson seems to us to be taught with earnestness and truth. But generally the sermonizing is overpowering; and since the book grows duller as there are fewer Oxford scenes to describe, and as we get out of what Mr. Hughes knows and cares about into what he thinks as a novelist and a friend of the young he ought to know and care about, the sermonizing gets more and more stupendous, until, at the end of the story, a gigantic matrimonial lecture is substituted for the usual portraiture of wedded happiness. Tom's profession, his objects in life, his wedding, his triumphant love are all swamped and buried in a gulf of silence, in order that he and his newly-married wife may go to the top of a hill and hold a solemn discussion as to the necessity of having a lady's maid and a pair of horses. The virtuous young wife of course says she does not want them; and her husband, after apologizing like a dismissed footman for the liberty he has taken in marrying her, at last sees she is right, and the story ends in a general Bengal light of blessing. This panegyric of frugal love is a thorough wet blanket to any little interest in the characters the reader may have left. He knows, in fact, that he is being sacrificed to Mr. Hughes's convenience. It is obvious that Tom and his bride were a regular nuisance to the author, and he was not even cheered by the thought that he was getting to the end of them. What did it signify to him what became of them? But he happened to be interested in the question, rather often agitated in the last year or two, how far wealth is a necessary ingredient in happiness, and it occurred to him that he might have his say on the subject in *Tom Brown* as well as anywhere else. So he pushed away all his *dramatis persona* by a fine *coup de main*, and trotted a couple of dummies up to the top of a hill, and there made them play the little moral tune he wished to have played to the world. It is scarcely necessary to say that dummies invented by a tired author to utter his opinions on an irrelevant subject as a substitute for the conclusion of a story, cast no real light on the subject discussed, and that the reader, when he throws aside the volume, feels no wiser as to conjugal happiness than before.

The difficulty in describing Oxford life lies in the great variety of tastes and pursuits and characters which are necessarily to be found there. Authors who are merely jocose get over the difficulty, for they only paint as much as will go into their frame, and omit whatever is not adventurous or funny; but Mr. Hughes saw very clearly that this was not Oxford. A University would be a very ludicrous place if it was solely tenanted by undergraduates with bull-terriers and pots of beer. It is also a place of discipline and a place of thought. Some faint attempt is made in *Tom Brown* to exhibit it in this light; but there are most astonishing voids in the representation that is given. The whole body of persons engaged in maintaining the discipline and superintending the studies of the place is absolutely ignored. A reader unacquainted with Oxford would never guess that there was the slightest gleam of intellect or of knowledge, of care for theology, or for learning, or for philosophy in the University. This makes the picture necessarily untrue. There are always sure to be a great many very stupid, pedantic, silly old fogies who form part of the educational staff of the Colleges; but there are a great many dons who are as unlike this as possible. There are highly cultivated men, who really try to go as far into hard matters as patient learning and honest inquiry will carry them. These men affect most powerfully all those who come in contact with them, and through them the whole University. They make up a large part of all that is most lively in the life of the University. At the particular time when Tom Brown is supposed to

be at Oxford—that is, in the years immediately following Arnold's death—there was a great moral and intellectual movement going on there. Men were debating most anxiously, and with great power and sincerity, questions which are still agitating England. There was a deep current of theological thought swaying the minds of men; there was a great enlargement going on in the conception of the study of history; there were the foundations being laid of that attention to the history of philosophy which has so completely changed the study of philosophy in the University. All this was colouring and shaping every active intellect in Oxford, either by attraction or repulsion; and yet in *Tom Brown* all the theology, and knowledge, and thought, and educational activity of the University are summed up in a single servitor, who watches over Tom's morals and gets up Thucydides by sticking different coloured pins in the map of Greece.

But it may be said that Mr. Hughes does not attempt, and is by no means bound, to go into all this. He takes not an extraordinary man but an ordinary one. It is the plain son of a plain English squire whose fortunes at Oxford he undertakes to represent. He does not offer a picture of Oxford at the time, but the picture of an undergraduate who might have been there at the time. Of course such an undergraduate might have been there. It is precisely this that constitutes the difficulty of portraying undergraduate life fairly. There are so many unformed characters with latent powers there, that we cannot say who ought to be taken as the true types. No doubt a man like Tom Brown, or something like him, may be found at any time in some College of the University. All that can be said is that he is not an ordinary, but a very extraordinary man. He belongs to what must necessarily be a very small class, and we scarcely see why so very exceptional a class should be chosen as that out of which the hero of a University novel should be selected. The peculiarity of Tom Brown is, that he is represented, not as the usual undergraduate, enjoying himself as much as he can, doing work, more or less, for the schools, but troubling himself very little about anything in books that is not forced on him. Nor, again, is Tom Brown the undergraduate who really works and thinks, who has a sincere interest in the best books, who likes the stimulating society of the most energetic leaders of opinion, who has trained himself to get up a subject carefully, and to do his work thoroughly. Tom Brown is an undergraduate who takes a sort of loafing interest in great subjects, who has opinions which he enunciates without reason or reflection, who reads a few authors as a source of violent excitement, but who has no method, nor any comprehension of the difficulty of the things he takes up. He becomes interested, for example, in the condition of England; and he is represented as doing so because a friend of his turns poacher, and because his Mary's father considers that a young man of twenty-one, without any profession or habits of application, had better think twice before he marries. In order to get the condition of England up, he skims a few books of political economy, but finds them dry, and with nothing in them that touches the heart; and then he comes across Mr. Carlyle's *Past and Present*, and swallows it whole. He has no more doubts nor any more wish for inquiry, and his intellectual difficulties seem pretty well over for life. There are young men who go on much in this way, but no one can say they are types of the ordinary undergraduate. They stand by themselves, out of the range of the unthinking mass, and out of the range of those who have been really influenced by the training of the place. Of course, an author is at liberty to take such a person, or any other sort of young man, for the hero of a book; but Tom Brown does not at all fairly represent the University, and it cannot be wondered at if his sayings and doings often seem to a reader very insipid and very insignificant.

What we miss, however, in *Tom Brown*, more than anything else is that happy genial atmosphere which pervades University life when taken at its best. There are undergraduates at Oxford who suffer daily under hot coppers, and who are pestered with duns; there are also those who devote themselves to some one line of physical exercise; and there are timid, poor, helpless reading men who have few enjoyments except those that a contented mind can make for itself. But, besides all these, there is a large mass who rub on happily and without much to disturb them—who, if they are clever and well managed, go on reading, and who form friendships and boat, and ride, and enjoy the sweet spring of their life. There is nothing of this in *Tom Brown*. Every one is either bringing out his muscles or going through a moral trial. The air of happy youth is entirely wanting in the young gladiators of Mr. Hughes's arena. There is nothing of the mixture of fun and thought, and physical delights, and honest hard work, which form the picture of the Long Vacation party described in Mr. Clough's pastoral. Of course young men have their trials and sufferings, and of course they have a mixture of bad and good in their breasts. There is always some discontent in the happiness of the young. But still there are bright moments in undergraduate life, and a good-humoured careless serenity of mind, and a glow of physical health which cast a radiance over everything. The memory of the innocent pleasures of easy and cultivated companionship, and the appetite for them, is one of the best treasures which a residence at Oxford has to bestow. A still richer treasure is the standard set by men who think long and wisely before they speak or write, and who resolutely test the accuracy of the process by which they form their conclusions.

Of neither of these two great benefits of a University life is there a trace in *Tom Brown*, and the picture of Oxford given in the book is therefore necessarily very incomplete and unsatisfactory.

BUTI'S COMMENTARY ON DANTE.*

THE early commentators on Dante have been consulted chiefly with an antiquarian interest. They are not credited with any deep penetration into the objects of the Comedy, or with much skill in criticising its execution; but they stand in request for expositions of stories and usages that were familiar in their own time, and by which the details of the poem require to be illustrated. Their own ambition, however, impelled them naturally enough in a very different direction. They were careless, as most writers are, of noting such particulars, for the sake of posterity, as would have appeared commonplace to their own contemporaries, and they made it much more their study to shine as philosophical homilists by minute and formal criticisms of the text, by tortuous allegorical constructions, and by the pedantic discovery of innumerable moral and psychological intimations, good perhaps in themselves, but unserviceable in the shape and juxtaposition in which they came to be presented. To this mode of commenting Dante had himself been led to give an impulse and an example in the *Convito*. It had suited the admired author of so many chivalrous and erotic poems, before he presented himself to the world as a political and moral thinker, to soften the contrast between these two characters by showing how Wisdom could be eulogized under the figure of a beautiful woman, and how the obstacles encountered by adherents of an unpopular philosophy could be figured in the sufferings of a lover. Moreover, we find Dante leaning everywhere to the idea that all social rights and duties can be ascertained on rational principles, and in accordance with the dicta of Pagan philosophy; while the province of Christian faith—as he represents it—is mainly comprised in the mysteries of the Divine nature and judgments and of our own immortal state. Accordingly, his political principles, so far as they are Italian and monarchical, have to be advanced, not indeed without Scriptural supports, but to a great extent under the authority of a Pagan poet, Virgil, to whose wisdom he thus finds it requisite to pay every possible tribute, even by preserving and allegorizing those representations in the *Æneid* which relate most directly to the fables of an obsolete religion. By recognising the occasions which prompted Dante to the use of a symbolic style, we may secure ourselves from an inclination to overload our interpretation with recondite meanings; but his earlier interpreters, it must be observed, set no limit to the amount of mystic learning that was to be distilled from his pages. The simpler taste of later generations has treated works of this kind with little respect. Even the Latin comment, for example, of Benvenuto da Imola, which is enlivened by many caustic reflections on ecclesiastical matters, was left for ages unprinted, except as regards the anecdotes and curiosities culled from it in the *Antiquitates* of Muratori. We may mention that an Italian translation of this commentary, lately issued by M. Tamburini, has been shown, in a pamphlet by Mr. C. E. Norton, U.S., to be disfigured by many wilful omissions and alterations in the supposed interest of the Papal party, as well as by gross blunders in the interpretation. Of Boccaccio's comment only seventeen cantos are preserved. That of Francesco da Buti, the oldest complete annotator in the Italian language, has lately been extricated from the manuscripts of the Florentine public library, and revised with assistance for which Lord Vernon's co-operation is acknowledged. Two volumes (the Hell and Purgatory) have now been issued in beautiful type by M. Giannini, with a critical introduction, a life of Buti, and the text of the Comedy as read by the latter. In this the old orthography is preserved, except that the words are separated and the contractions eliminated—the result of which process gives an elegant form on the whole to the language, one striking peculiarity being the general absence of the digraph *gl*, for which *l* or *ll* is substituted, as in *li filliuoli*, with an apparent advantage to the language, rather than otherwise, on both phonetic and etymologic principles. The editor is rather a purist in his diction, and has evidently paid considerable attention to these details. Peculiar readings of the text occur in many places. Thus we find, near the beginning, in the description of the Lion of the Wood, “*Si che pareo che l'aere ne tremesse*”—where an inflection of *tremere* (for *tremare*), to tremble, which M. Giannini believes to have belonged originally to the 3rd conjugation in Italian, is substituted with more significance for *tremesse*.

Of all the comments, however, to which we have referred, Buti's appears the most methodic and complete according to the traditions of the author's own times, and will be the least interesting to the modern reader. Not one other of the confraternity is more diligent to find strange symbolism in the Dantean text of every metaphysical or psychological truth contained in the Bib. or Aristotle; not one is so indifferent to the lives and character and party relations of the modern personages who are satirized, or reprobated, or glorified therein. The accounts which Boccaccio gives of Francesca da Rimini and Farinata are robbed by him of some of the most characteristic details.

Beatrice is treated of as Theology, and nothing else—Lucia as “Grace Illuminative,” the *Donna gentile* as “Grace Preventive,” and so on. If he meets with personages far less real, who have been honourably mentioned in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* or by Valerius Flaccus, he will be much more careful to tell all he can about them, and may perchance give us some notion of what they were, before defining what they stand for. In his discoveries of far-fetched types and confused antitypes he seems to have anticipated the ingenuity of Swedenborg himself. We turn for an example to the sixth and seventh cantos of the Purgatory, where Dante and Virgil encounter the poet Sordello. Of how the latter lived and loved, and of what he wrote, we have only three broad lines vouchsafed to us:—

This Sordello was a Mantuan, and was a wise man, and made a book which is called *Treasures of Treasures*, because he collected all that was in the others, or because he said it better than the others.

But the reader is expected to derive much more edification from the fact that the salutations “comely and joyous” between Virgil and Sordello were repeated “three times and four.” We can only transcribe the prolegomena of this lesson:—

That is, Sordello and Virgil had embraced and received one another three and four times, which are seven times. This number the author set down, not because so it was, nor because it ought to be done; but he feigns this, following after Virgil, who says, in the first *Æneid*, *Oterque quaterque beati, Quis auto ora patrum, &c.*—and in IV., *Torque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum*—and the like in other poets. And this the authors have not feigned without cause, because they set down these two numbers when they want to intimate the felicity or the misery of man, and also when they want to intimate either joy or grief, in order to show the fulness of the passion; inasmuch as by the ternary number are understood the three powers of the soul, which prove it perfect, that is, rationality, irascibility, and concupiscibility; and, on some occasions, memory, intellect, and will. And by the quaternary number are understood the four passions of the soul, which are hope, fear, joy, and grief, or else the four humours of which the body is composed, being melancholy, which partakes of the earth, &c. . . . wherefore, meaning to show that the soul is perfectly happy or miserable, or affected with joy or sorrow, they show that it is so according to its three powers, and according to its four passions, or according to the corporal complexions. . . . And so our author proceeds, following after the poetry of the other poets which, it is understood, must be expounded now in one guise and now in another, according to the occasion. For instance, Virgil, when he feigns that *Æneas* said of the slain at Troy, “O blessed thrice and four times” meant that they were blessed thrice, because the three powers, that is memory, intellect, and will were rendered more acute in act from the separation of the soul than while it was conjoined with the body; and four times, because they were freed from the distemperatures of the four complexions—namely, sanguine, choleric, phlegmatic, and melancholic.

Such lucubrations as these form actually a very large part of Buti's Commentary, which was drawn up from the lectures he delivered in the University of Pisa, and published, it would appear, at the request of an admiring audience. Yet the author was an eminent citizen, continually employed in the highest civic and diplomatic functions, and from whom more realism and liveliness might naturally have been expected. He was born in Tuscany, three years after Dante died; but there is something stupendous in the distance at which he places himself from him by his manner. Could the reader have imagined a comment on the invective in *Purg.*, can. 6—

Ahi serva Italia, di dolore ostello—

occupied for three huge pages with the boundaries of Italy, the names of the seventeen provinces and their chief towns, and the mythic colonizations of Saturn, and Italus king of the Siceli. But there is no danger of books of this kind being again multiplied; let us have patience, and learn what we can from them.

Among the author's most commendable qualities are his readiness in comparing different parts of the poem, and his punctuality in citing the classical writers who are in any way alluded to or imitated. Thus, Dante's careful adherence to a Virgilian tradition in the Infernal topography is insisted upon on some points that might escape ordinary observation. Why, for example, is the seventh circle in the Hell surrounded by a wall and moat, and called the city of Dis? and why is the entrance of the poets into it opposed so fiercely by a host of demons? Because the Tartarus of Virgil is similarly described, and *Æneas* is not conducted through it by the Sibyl, who tells him,

Nulli fas casto sceleratum insistere limen.

Why does Dante require a guide like Virgil to lead him through Hell and Purgatory? Because the like was “the custom of the poets, as *Æneas* was led by the Sibylla, Ulysses by”—here there is a lacuna which intimates that the commentator had meditated a reference to Homer's *Odyssey*, a work perhaps hard to procure at that time, and had left it unperformed. Nor would the investigation have served his immediate purpose; for Ulysses, we know, went to the land of shades without a guide, through bearing in his memory the instructions of Circe. But in the other points the eleventh *Odyssey* has undoubtedly served as a model to the sixth *Æneid*, and indirectly to the Divine Comedy; and whether Dante had any direct knowledge of Homer's work, or derived suggestions from it, is an interesting question, which has not yet, we think, been fully scrutinized. That he was at all acquainted with Greek is very doubtful, and not to be proved by the one place in the *Vita Nuova* where he refers to Homer by name, and cites in Italian the line—

οὐ γὰρ τοῖς

Ἄνδρες γὰρ Σηγοῦ πάϊς ἔμμενοι, ἀλλὰ θίω—

for this line has been found cited in the Latin translations of Aristotle. Only Dante's application of the passage to Beatrice

* *Comento di Francesco da Buti, sopra la divina Comedia di Dante Alighieri*. Pubblicato per cura di Crescentino Giannini. Vol. I., 1858. Vol. II., 1860. Pisa: Fratelli Nistri.

shows that he carefully treasured an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the first epic poet. However, the *Odyssey*, independently of the *Æneid*, seems to have furnished the first suggestion of several particulars in the Comedy which we proceed to indicate.

1. In canto 9, where the Furies, at the entrance of the city of Dis, threaten to bring up the Gorgon's head to confound the intruder—

Venga Medusa! sì 'l farem di smalto—

the fiction is contrary to the tenor of the later and more familiar mythology, which supposes this talisman to be for ever fastened on the shield of Pallas, and not to be in Hades at the service of the Furies and their Queen. Then Virgil has only a vague allusion to Gorgons in the phantoms near the porch of Orcus—

Gorgones, Harpyieque, et forma tricornis umbræ.

But all corresponds to the conclusion of the eleventh *Odyssey*, in which Ulysses, having seen numerous spirits, and being yet desirous of singling out others, grows alarmed lest he should encounter this same fatal object:—

And the men, I thought for, very like 'd appeared i' the foremost:
But meantime the Dead, herding about me in infinite armies,
Yell'd with unearthly clamours; whereat green fear fell upon me,
Lest that horrid portent o' the Gorgon's head from hell under
Should meet me, guided by puissant Persephoneia.

And we may observe, that when Dante intimates that there is a mystic meaning in Virgil's account of the power of the Gorgon's head, which the intelligent reader should seek to discover—

O voi, ch'avete gli intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina—

he is probably inviting us to do justice to the spirit of the ancient mythology rather than to his own arbitrary application of it.

2. Let us take next the beautiful passage in which the shade of Cavalcante Cavalcanti, inquiring after the fate of his son, and receiving from Dante an irrelevant and equivocal reply, falls to the ground in dismay, conceiving that Guido is no more:—

Egli ebbe, dici? non vive egli ancora?

We have also, in the *Odyssey*, Agamemnon asking what has become of his brave son Orestes, and Ulysses, unable to give him a reassuring answer, saying—

Atrides, to what end's the demand? What know I about him,
Or living or dying? Sure idly speaking is evil!

And if we observe that Agamemnon has in a manner predicted to Ulysses that the latter will again enjoy the greetings of his wife and son, we may find here some traces of the Dantesque idea, that the reprobate spirits possess a knowledge of the future, but none of the present.

3. Ulysses meets in the mansion of Hades, not Hercules, who has been promoted to Olympus, and to "Hebe shapely ankled," but a phantom exactly resembling him. Dante has improved upon this idea by showing us the spirit of Branca d'Oria suffering in the deepest hell, while his body, we are told, under the governance of a fiend, is still moving in the world on high, eating, drinking, &c. (Can. 33).

4. The next coincidence is observed in the German translation by "Philaethes." The Ephialtes whom Dante sees among the giants guarding the ninth circle (Can. 31) is one of the sons of Aloeus, whom Virgil placed in Tartarus, and whose mother's spirit Ulysses saw on the shores of the river-ocean. But it is only Homer who gives us their names and dimensions, saying that they attained the stature of nine fathoms (the breadth of their bodies being nine cubits) in the ninth season from their birth, &c. (Od. ii. 310). Now Dante's Ephialtes measures thirty palms, or as much as three tall Frisians (say three fathoms of six feet) from the middle to the collar-bone (ove s'affibbia 'l manto), which may be fairly estimated as a third of his stature, and so gives nine fathoms for the whole.

"Philaethes," however, thinks that Dante has shown his ignorance of the *Odyssey* by the account which he gives of the wanderings and death of Ulysses. For the fiction we find in the Comedy is not exactly similar to that which Mr. Tennyson has built on it. It does not make Ulysses, after having once returned to Ithaca and Penelope, set forth anew to tempt the dangers of a remote voyage; but it makes him go straight from Circe's bower to the Pillars of Hercules, where, instead of seeing the spirits of the dead—as in the *Odyssey* he appeared to have seen them—on a bank opposite the entrance of the Mediterranean, he pushes forward across the ocean, reaches the middle of an unknown hemisphere, and founders under the purgatorial mountain, whence Ithaca and the ancient world can never hear more of him. Thus Buti understands the narrative, and he objects that Ulysses, according to classical authorities, was killed after his return to Ithaca, viz., by Telegonus, his own son and Circe's.

But it has not been observed by the commentators that Dante had a peculiar interest, when engaged on this subject, in disparaging the authority of the *Odyssey*. For Ulysses was to him, as to Virgil, a treacherous and cruel enemy of the forefathers of the Romans, whom Deiphobus, in the *Æneid*, calls "hortator scelerum Æolides," accuses of having been an abettor of his hideous mutilation, and includes in the solemn curse, *Di talia Grævis instaurate*. But if this impious man was not only permitted, according to the *Odyssey*, to return to his native land and die at a good old age, but had even the rare privilege granted to him of seeing the state of the dead, can we wonder that this

narrative should have been set aside as less compatible even than other mythical traditions with those ideas of Divine government on which the Comedy is founded?

We need not point out passages in which the *Odyssey* has indirectly influenced the Comedy of Dante—as the three efforts of Ulysses to embrace his mother's shade have been copied by Virgil in the meeting of Æneas and his father Anchises, and by Dante in his own meeting with Casella (Purg. Can. 2). But when we think that the ghosts of Homer are the creatures of the rudest natural superstition directly representing the dreams and sick fancies of the mourner, and endued only with a vague unsubstantial existence which is almost everywhere devoid of moral significance—as they are said to be destitute of thought and memory until they are refreshed with blood by the necromancer—it is wonderful to what an extent poetic art has assimilated the outward incidents of the *Odyssean* vision with one conceived at so distant an era, and embodying all the highest and severest doctrines of Christian philosophy in Dante's age. Poets were not very cautious, before the present generation, of putting new wine in old bottles.

BRITISH ENGINEERING.*

SERIAL biographies, though amazingly popular of late, have not been uniformly successful as works of art, and one can appreciate the hesitation, needless as it really was, with which Mr. Smiles tells us that he commenced his narratives of the great English Engineers. It is easy to say what are the conditions that render this mode of treatment legitimate and interesting. When the lives of a series of eminent persons can be so presented as to give, under the attractive form of biography, something like a connected history of progress in any department of national life, the biographical method is perhaps the very best that could be adopted. One can scarcely say that this condition has been altogether satisfied in any of the works of this class which preceded Mr. Smiles' *Lives of the Engineers*. The personal history of the Queens of England was but a poor thread on which to string historical instruction. The lives of Chancellors and Chief Justices, it was found, could be written without supplying a popular narrative of the growth of English law; and in the lives of Princesses and Bachelor Kings, the trick of serial biography seemed to have reached a bathos from which it could never rise again.

It is strange that the idea of handling the subject of engineering in this manner should not sooner have been seized. No one but a professed Engineer could wade through the minute professional details of a severe history of engineering; and yet the subject is one in which all the world, in this mechanical age, takes a deep interest, and which only required to be presented in a biographical shape to be cordially welcomed. And for this purpose the method is thoroughly legitimate. The life and the work of an engineer are so completely one, that a succession of such biographies really gives a complete account of the triumphs and failures, the discoveries and the toils, by which the mechanical pre-eminence of England has been attained. Add to this, that among the earlier geniuses whose performances are recorded in these volumes, are some whose lives were as racy with character as they were brilliant in achievement, and it must be acknowledged that in the difficult task of choosing a subject and devising the appropriate treatment for it Mr. Smiles has been unusually happy. Even facts which were in a manner known far beyond the limits of any mere professional circle come out in this work with a distinctness which is quite startling. Civil engineers form so considerable and important a class of modern society that it is difficult to realize the fact that less than a century ago not only was the name unheard of, but all the engineering work that was done was either entrusted to men who, in everything but their genius, were mere artisans, or else was performed by some adventurous amateurs whose mechanical and constructive bent was too strong to be repressed by the circumstances of their lives.

Another peculiarity of the early history of engineering is the aspect which it assumes of a constant struggle, in one shape or another, with a single element. Before the epoch of George Stephenson, water-works of some sort were almost the only things which engaged the attention of our engineers. The fire-engine—as in Watt's time the steam-engine was called—was beginning to be harnessed to other machinery than that of the pump; but if we except a few applications of this marvellous power, and a good deal of work on the humbler kind of machinery which had been used time out of mind in the old-fashioned windmill, there was really nothing for engineers to do in which water was not the principal element. And, strange to say, the branch of the art which was first studied was not only beyond all comparison the most difficult, but is even now the one which is least understood, and most frequently baffles the experience and the science of the most eminent engineers. To drain fens, to embank rivers, to reclaim wastes from the sea, to maintain deep harbours, and to preserve rivers from silting up, are still the most hazardous and uncertain of all engineering enterprises; and yet these are about the only class of works of which any trace is to be found before the age of canals commenced, to be so speedily eclipsed by the age of railways.

* *Lives of the Engineers*. By Samuel Smiles. London: Murray. 1861.

Certainly England was a tempting field for these undertakings. What are now whole counties were once uninhabitable swamps. Romney Marsh, where the experiment of reclamation seems first to have been tried, covers 60,000 acres. The Thames itself in its natural state overflowed all the lowlands of Essex and Kent, and London itself was but a quagmire with a few islands emerging from the swamp. And as for Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and parts of the adjacent counties, it would have puzzled our ancestors to say whether they were to be called a district of England or a province of the sea. All that is really known about the date of the first embankments of Romney Marsh and of the Thames is that they were partially executed before the commencement of our historical period. It is likely enough that the conjecture which ascribes these works to immigrants from the opposite shores of the Continent may be true, but it is certain that the first authentic records which touch upon the subject prove the existence, not only of the material embankments, but of a regular local law—the Custom of Romney Marsh—by which the burden of maintaining the sea bulwarks was adjusted, and this so equitably that our most recent legislation for such purposes is founded in great part upon the ancient custom. The huge fens of the East coast were altogether on too large a scale to be successfully grappled with by the primitive engineers who did so much good work in Romney Marsh. The Romans, indeed, nibbled at the edges of the tract, and the dykes by which they drained portions of the margin of the Wash are still to be seen. Some stout work was done, too, by mediæval bishops, but the great enterprise was not really completed until almost our own day, and was scarcely commenced on any comprehensive scale until the time of the Stuarts, when Vermuyden, who had been imported from Holland to repair a formidable breach in the sea-wall of the Thames, engaged in the speculation with no very triumphant success. Vermuyden answered more to our notion of a contractor than of an engineer, or rather he combined the two characters. Almost all his early undertakings were his own speculations, in which a large slice of the land to be won was to be the reward of his skill and outlay. If he had had fair play, he might have been a sort of mediæval Peto; but he had other enemies to contend with beside the water which he undertook to subdue. Embankments which withstood the floods were not proof against the hostility of fennmen; and after reclaiming a vast tract of land in Hatfield Chase, of which one-third was to be his own, he had the mortification to see nearly all the work undone, first by the malice of the surrounding population, and afterwards more completely as a strategic measure, by the armies of the Commonwealth. In his larger enterprise in the great Level of the Fens, his efforts were again thwarted by the opposition of the amphibious natives, fostered for political reasons by the party which was opposed to the Court, with the butcher of Huntingdon, then scarcely beginning to be famous, at their head. As a foreigner, Vermuyden was thought fair game. He was despoiled of the ample profits for which he had stipulated, and only ended by dragging his energetic supporter, the Duke of Bedford, into embarrassments almost as deep as his own. Still, in spite of all obstacles, a great work was done; and though far more extensive cuttings and embankments were necessary to carry off the floods than Vermuyden and his associates ever dreamed of, they won from the water a vast tract of fertile land, and did enough to prove the feasibility of the complete reclamation of the district, which, mainly by the labours of the elder Rennie, has since been effected.

Sir Hugh Myddleton, the enterprising goldsmith, has been called the first English engineer, though he belongs much more to the class of men like Vermuyden who, time out of mind, had adventure on drainage operations, than to the race of engineers proper, of whom Brindley was the first rough specimen. Myddleton undoubtedly displayed mechanical resource, but his great distinction was not so much his engineering skill as the courage with which he was ready to venture a considerable fortune on speculations of doubtful issue, though of great public importance. The New River scheme, which was carried through by his unwearied determination, would have ruined the brave old citizen if he had not hit upon the admirable device of taking the King into partnership; and even when completed, the project was always, during Myddleton's life, a financial failure, and only began to bear its harvest of gold after the shares had nearly all passed into the hands of strangers.

It is not from adventurers, however magnificent and patriotic, that our modern engineers can trace their professional descent, but rather from the old craftsmen, whose chief business it was to construct and tinker as they best might the rude wooden machinery of antique corn-mills. James Brindley, as the connecting link between the old millwright and the modern engineer, with all the simplicity of the one, and all the genius of the other, furnishes by far the most interesting life in the whole series. A cottier's son, apprenticed to a wheelwright and millwright of very moderate pretensions, he ended by being the constructor of the first great English canals, the founder of Manchester's greatness, and the architect of the fortunes of the House of Bridgewater. Duke Francis, whatever may have been his other merits or demerits, had the shrewdness to see the enormous profits which might be reaped by cutting a canal from his own coal-fields to a growing city which was famished for want of fuel. He had the wit also to choose his agents well, and to pay them badly; and by confiding the direction of his vast canal

speculations to the skill of Brindley, he secured the highest engineering genius at the wages of a common blacksmith. With all Brindley's primitive simplicity, it is strange that he should have toiled on for so many years receiving weekly a remuneration scarcely, if at all, higher than that of the artisans whose labours he directed. It is much as if a Stephenson and a navvy were now thought worthy of equal recompense. When James Brindley struck across country, making what he called his "ochilar" surveys of the "novogation," he must surely have felt how immeasurably his day's work exceeded in value that of a mere mechanic; but in all his jottings and memoranda which have been preserved there seems to be no trace of discontent at his common daily wage of 3s. 6d. It does not even appear that he anticipated any personal benefit when the Duke, who passed for his patron, should have realized his expected fortune. If he did, it never came either to him or his family; and even the arrears of his paltry wages which were unpaid at his death were demanded in vain by his widow. Rough artisan as he was, Brindley worked more for fame than for gain, and seemed to care little for his own interests, if he could only get permission to use up all the rivers of England for what he called their natural purpose—the feeding of navigable canals. All the accessories of the man were delightfully in keeping with his position as the rough patriarch of engineers. A Committee of the House of Commons must have found professional evidence more entertaining than it generally is now, when the very "Toores," as Brindley calls them, who "mad had agane ye Duk," were convinced against their will by the practical eloquence of an engineer who explained his plans and sections by cutting up Dutch cheeses, and elucidated his favourite process of puddling by performing the operation on the Committee Room table with a lump of clay. The most striking proof of Brindley's innate genius is, that he was not merely a self-educated, but, so far as book-learning went, an uneducated man to the last. He borrowed from no one. His designs were so bold and original that one after another was ridiculed as a castle in the air; but all his castles stood, and whether he had a piece of mill-work to design, a formidable aqueduct to construct, a line of navigation to lay out almost at a glance, or a water-tight canal to carry through a shaking moss, his expedients were all drawn from his own fertile brain, and seldom failed in securing the expected results. His end was as characteristic as his life. He got wet in surveying a canal, took to his bed, and almost his last words were an emphatic exhortation to some brother engineers (baffled by a leaky canal) to puddle and puddle it again and again.

This was in the year 1772, and even then there were not wanting men to continue, with scarcely less genius and vastly greater opportunities, the work which Brindley had begun. Smeaton had long since left the attorney's office to devote himself to mechanical science, and his most famous work, the Eddystone Lighthouse, had already withstood the storms of a dozen winters. Andrew Meikle was, in a humbler way, pursuing the same course which Brindley had run in his earlier years; and his more famous pupil, John Rennie, was beginning to play truant from school for the sake of amusing himself in Andrew's workshop. Telford, too, was just beginning life as a mason's apprentice. A mere enumeration of a few of the greatest of the works constructed by this knot of self-taught engineers would seem almost to throw the simpler achievements of Brindley into the shade. But in spite of their professional greatness, one misses in their biographies the dramatic unity of Brindley's life. The erection of the Eddystone and the Bell Rock lighthouses, the cutting of the grand though useless Caledonian Canal, the docking of London and Liverpool, the bridging of the Thames, Telford's Welsh roads and Menai Bridge, Rennie's Breakwater at Plymouth, and more than all, the completion of the work of centuries—the reclamation of the Fens—may seem works at least as interesting as any which Brindley executed. The same care, too, appears to be bestowed on these later biographies as upon the life of Brindley; but, principally from the less picturesque character of the men themselves, and a little, perhaps, from the necessity of compression, which seems to have cramped the latter portion of the work, one misses some of the freshness and vigour with which Brindley's portrait is sketched. The more one advances in the history of a subject like engineering, the more does the interest concentrate itself on the scientific side of it. In place of the anecdotes and sketches which sufficed to give a general idea of Brindley's work, minute details are wanted to explain, for example, the theory of construction adopted in the Eddystone Lighthouse, or the principle of drainage followed in the Fens. Each successive life has less of the popular and more of the engineering element than its predecessor; and Mr. Smiles, who has perhaps shown an over anxiety to avoid technical details which could not well be passed over, has occasionally fallen into the mistake of giving mechanical explanations just too long to be altogether popular, and yet too short to be easily intelligible. The difficulty of steering exactly the due course between the purely professional and the merely popular treatment must have been so great, and is for the most part so successfully overcome, that it is almost hypercriticism to dwell on occasional omissions; but we cannot help thinking that even the popular interest in some of the later lives would have been rather increased than diminished if the author had allowed himself to dwell more upon strictly

scientific details. Possibly Mr. Smiles may have gauged the taste of his readers more accurately in this respect than we have done; but we think they would have borne a rather more liberal infusion of engineering science, and we are quite sure that the book would have been the better for the addition. As it stands, however, it is a thoroughly conscientious performance; and if every engineer does not sit as well for his portrait as the fine old millwright, we do not find that Mr. Smiles has been tempted into bestowing any the less care upon the execution of the work.

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.*

THE so-called Spiritualists are congratulating themselves in the pages of their organ, the *Spiritual Magazine*, on the advances recently made by their doctrines. Dr. Gully of Malvern has acknowledged himself to have been present at the meeting described in a paper in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "Stranger than Fiction," which attracted some notice several months ago; and he has committed himself in the most distinct manner to the correctness of the statements therein made. He pledges himself as a personal witness to the fact that Mr. Home, "a man between ten and eleven stone in weight, floated about a room for many minutes," and that, on the same occasion, an accordion played without hands, and produced strains more exquisite than those of Blagrove in his happiest moments. In short, Dr. Gully bears "testimony to the truthfulness of the facts related by the writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*." The same gentleman says that he has no theory on the subject. What he stands up for is "the integrity of his senses during the observation of the wonders." He is convinced "that there could have been no contrivance by trick or machinery;" and he declares his belief, or impression, that, on the one hand, as regards the spiritual phenomena, they point to the "discovery of a means of communication between embodied and disembodied sentient beings;" while, on the other hand, "respecting the purely physical phenomena, such as the raising of weights, whether of human bodies or tables, it may be that we are on the verge of discovering some physical force hitherto undreamed of," and, of course, contradictory to, or inconsistent with, the principle of gravitation. Besides this, "Mr. Hutchinson, for many years Chairman of the London Stock Exchange," has given in his adhesion to the new "philosophy;" and above all, Mr. Benjamin Coleman has published in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and since in a separate volume, his own personal experiences of "Spiritualism in America," which are certainly of a remarkable kind and sufficiently positive in character.

Mr. Coleman's experiences partly fit in with and repeat the usual phenomena, and partly exceed them. A guitar is wafted round a room, self-poised, and playing of its own most sweet will, without the aid of visible hand or touch, the most exquisite melody. Bells float on the same elastic air and are jangled not out of tune. Fans, agitated by no mortal hand, wave refreshing air to the hot and feverish brow. Invisible ministrants present immaterial cups full of material water to the thirsty lips. Airy sounds syllable the names of the living, and spirit mediums write, draw, paint, answer mental questions, record secrets, and disclose the innermost depths of the heart. The spirits of the coffined dead hold secret intercourse with the living, and the bodily eye and touch are refreshed with the actual contact of the hand and lip and visible form of departed spirits reappearing in a spiritualized body, which is reinvested with some of the material attributes. One medium reads and transcribes words inscribed on a folded paper through a sealed envelope. Another medium answers questions by red inscriptions visibly imprinted on his arm. The latest and most extraordinary development of spiritual communication we give in Mr. Coleman's own words. The scene is Boston, United States:—

As soon as we were assembled, Mrs. French became entranced. . . . A very small drawing-room table was placed in the middle of the circle, and not within three feet of any of us. A shawl was then tied round the lower part of the legs of the table to form a dark chamber. Under this was placed a thin board, to make a firm surface, on which to spread the drawing-paper, two saucers of water-colours and brushes, a bundle of coloured crayons, some drawing-pencils, and a glass of water. A number of fresh sheets of drawing-paper were then handed to the medium. . . . Rolling them up in the shape of a cube, she commenced breathing through them, exercising an effort which lasted five minutes, and which appeared to exhaust her. This singular process she explained was to give the necessary moisture to the surface of the paper, and supersede the use of wine and acids as at first used by her for dampening it. She then handed the roll to me, requesting that I would place it under the covered part of the table, while she at the same time went on her knees and placed her hands under the cover, spread the sheets out flat and returned to her seat by my side. . . . She then requested the gas lights to be lowered, which was done, though it was still light enough for us to see each other, and even the hands of our watches. . . . The medium cried "time," and presently we heard a rapid scraping and scrubbing on the card board, as if many hands were at work with the quickness of steam-power, and "time" being again called, the pencils were heard to drop suddenly and simultaneously from the hands as it were of the invisible artists. The same process and arrangements being repeated, four elaborate and beautifully-executed pictures of birds and flowers were produced in succession, the first being a pencil drawing, and the others in colours; and the time occupied was, respectively, eight, eleven, twelve, and fifteen seconds. . . . The coloured drawings were wet when taken up, and they took some minutes to dry.

* *Spiritualism in America*. By Benjamin Coleman. With Fac-Similes of Spirit Drawings and Writing. Reprinted, with additions, from the *Spiritual Magazine*. London: Pitman. 1861.

Mr. Coleman gives facsimiles of two of these drawings—common flower-pieces, such as school-girls paint. One of them consists of a white rose and other flowers, with a bud rising from the centre, holding an open Bible, with a part of John xiv., two hundred words in length, inscribed on it in very minute letters.

Besides these serious performances of the spirits, Dr. John Gray, a widower, is adduced as having been subjected to the following experiences in a spiritual *séance*. After the usual table-rappings and table-liftings—

An illuminated substance, like gauze, rose from the floor behind us. . . . The electrical rattle became very loud and vigorous. The figure of a female passed round the table, and approaching us, touched me. . . . The light became still brighter, and the gauze, which had changed in form, was grasped by a naturally-formed female hand; and unfolding, revealed to me, with a thrill of indescribable happiness, the upper half of the face of my wife. . . . I asked her to kiss me if she could, and to my great astonishment, an arm was placed around my neck, and a real palpable kiss was implanted on my lips. A head was laid upon mine, the hair falling luxuriantly down my face. The kiss was frequently repeated, and was audible in every part of the room.

Nor is this a solitary case. We are but selecting one from about twenty similar incidents. And the spirits indulge in other mundane amusements. Mr. Coleman relates an instance of a spirit which condescended to revisit the earth in order to play a game at cards with an old friend and fellow card-player, "with whom the deceased had in his fleshly life played many a pleasant game."

Of spirit-writing innumerable instances are produced by Mr. Coleman. The manner of this communication is minutely described. Some cards are placed on a book:—

In a few minutes the cards were taken from the book, and one of them appeared near the floor, suspended three or four inches from the carpet. . . . and the card was a centre of a circle of spirit light of a foot in diameter. An imperfectly shaped hand, holding my small silver pencil, was placed upon the card, and moved quickly across from left to right, as though writing, and when finishing a line, it moved quickly backward to commence another. . . . It remained more or less visible for nearly an hour. . . . One side of the card being finished, we saw it reversed, and the other page commenced.

In another case, the writing

was done with an ordinary steel pen, which, with a glass inkstand and the card, had been placed on the table in front of us. In the process of writing the pen was frequently heard to strike against the mouth of the inkstand in obtaining its supplies.

Facsimiles of these cards are given by Mr. Coleman; and a specimen or two of the matter of spirit-writing are not without their value:—

"Oh, dear Charley," writes a deceased spirit-wife to her husband, "what if weary cares come? what if disappointment shadow over you? Bear them all. . . . What are the troubles of life to bear when you have one in Heaven to share them with you? Always be happy, dear Charley, for I share both your happiness and sorrow. . . . Love to dear patient little C—. Good night, good night."
ESTELLA.

Dr. Franklin, who is introduced by "Estella," writes thus:—

My Son. . . . Your truth and sincerity are bright gems in your nature. This is why I take pleasure in communicating with you, and this is why I have chosen you to work through. My son, good night.

BENJ. FRANKLIN.

Written communications are not tinged by the reflection of another mind. We come to you without a shadow. This is why we are so happy to write our messages.
BENJ. FRANKLIN.

William Humboldt's spirit, as becomes a philosopher, delivers himself of some very esoteric truths. He, *i.e.* his spirit, discourses we are bound to say somewhat cloudily, as though beer and tobacco as well as Teutonic philosophy were not strangers to the spirit-world:—

We are in the spirit-world, and on the earth, in the relation to God and to each other which constantly provokes our inquiry. We are co-working. The human spirit is a power in the universe of material creation, and it awakens, by its intelligence, to know of the laws of nature: and you may be sure that the natural man becomes cognizant of no law in which it is not itself a power. We are *en rapport* with all the visible universe. When spirit is not in active association with matter, it ignores all connexion with its changes and progression. The old idea, long ago conceived as the *logos*, is a truth. But as the idea among the Church Fathers was supposed to be culminated in Christ Jesus, so is now the spirit of man constantly active on the world of matter to develop the latent forces in the atomic relation of the particles, and the peculiar forms of combination.

Such are the revelations which we are to expect, it seems, from the spirit world. Well, suppose we accept them—in what respect is any human being the wiser? We quite agree with the Spiritualist writers that there are two general aspects of the whole matter, which are each of them very important—first, as to the reality of the facts, and next, as to their value. Mr. Coleman says that he is not to ignore the evidence of his senses; and he pledges that evidence as to the reality of the facts. But the question of credibility is by no means settled when we admit the good faith of the witnesses. It is an old fallacy, in estimating the value of evidence, to believe that all is over when fraud, imposture, or the intention to mislead is absent. After all, the value of evidence depends on the character and nature of the subject-matter deposed to. It may be urged, indeed, that not even all the criteria of evidence are satisfied by these narratives. For example, it is one of the tests of an historical fact that it was not contradicted on its first announcement. But Mr. Coleman's facts are denied. This alone is fatal. But more than this must be said. Mr. Coleman may be a trustworthy person, and above all suspicious as to his good faith; but if Mr. Coleman and Dr. Gray and twenty attesting witnesses were to go before the magistrates at Bow-street and solemnly depose that, on Monday morning

last, they saw the lion on Northumberland House walk down and take a bath in the Trafalgar-square fountains, what would their testimony be worth? There are, therefore, certain alleged facts in favour of which all the evidence, however supported by the good faith and respectability of the witnesses, is not worth a rush. The facts quoted from Mr. Coleman's narrative are of this nature; and there is an end of the matter.

Next, as to the value of the alleged facts. We are told that the fantastic facts of these tricky spirits are designed to convince a sceptical generation of the existence of a spiritual world, and to counteract the material tendencies of modern thought by strong eocent proofs of the reality of spiritual life, and of better things to come, and of a higher range of existence after the grave. Will this be the result? Accepting Mr. Coleman's facts and the revelations made to himself and his friends in America by the intelligent and communicative spirits, what does it all come to? Why, this—and it is certainly a melancholy conclusion—that if this is the spirit world, and if this is spiritual intelligence, and if all that spirits can do is to whisk about in dark rooms, and pinch people's legs under the table, and play "Home, sweet home," on the accordion, and kiss folks in the dark, and paint baby pictures, and write such sentimental namby pamby as Mr. Coleman copies out from their dictation, it is much better to be a respectable pig and accept annihilation, than to be cursed with such an immortality as this. Mr. Coleman may think that the cause of religion and morality will be advanced if spiritualism is proved to be true. Such is also the language of the *Spiritual Magazine*. We do not for a moment accept even the hypothesis of its truth, and, for the reason we have stated, any inquiry whatever into the facts is entirely superfluous; but we can assure the sincere and respectable advocates of spiritualism, and we believe that there are many such, that the consequences of its truth would be the very opposite to those which they anticipate.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE'S DIARY.*

THIS is certainly the most startling and stirring book that has been published in Germany for many years. Humboldt's correspondence with Varnhagen may have shocked many readers, not only in Germany, but wherever Humboldt's name was known; and that is tantamount to the whole civilized, and a good portion of the uncivilized, world. Yet, compared with the volumes now before us, that correspondence resembles the dwarf that was to usher in the giant. There was something essentially petty and paltry in those letters. Every page was full of vanity, flattery, spite, small talk and small thought on small matters of all kinds, quite unworthy of the great genius of Humboldt. The letters ought never to have been published. They destroyed the dignified appearance which Humboldt had preserved through life, both in his social and in his literary relations. They did no good to anybody, not even to the fair editor, Fräulein Ludmilla Assing, though they may have put a few thousand pounds into her pocket. Those who knew Humboldt best were fully aware of the frivolous side of his character—of his playfulness, of his sharp tongue, of his weakness in professing to despise courts and courtiers, whilst expecting to be treated by kings and emperors as their equal, if not their superior. But Humboldt had the good sense to hide all these weak points from the world at large, and it was the mistake of a lackey to exhibit his master *en negligé*, to the staring eyes of Europe. There was just here and there a flash of lightning in that correspondence to show that the same voice which we heard grumbling and growling was the voice of one who could thunder if he pleased. But there was little to redeem the whole book, which for many reasons was offensive in the extreme, and broke through some of the most sacred rules of good breeding and good faith. In spite of all the brave words of Fräulein Ludmilla Assing, to publish the letters of living persons without asking their leave is something worse than an outrage on common propriety. This she has done in several instances. Whether all the scraps of a man so lately departed from us as Humboldt should have been published is simply a question of good taste, which it would be useless to argue with Fräulein Ludmilla Assing.

It is with very different feelings that we put down the two first volumes of Varnhagen's Diary. At Berlin, no doubt, some people will cry shame at this book, even more than at Humboldt's correspondence with Varnhagen. Others will rub their hands and chuckle with delight at the fearful exhibition of the state of things in Prussia. We share neither of these feelings. We look upon the book as a most valuable contribution to the history of Prussian politics during a very critical period. It throws an unexpected and glaring light on things which were meant to be kept in profound darkness, never to be revealed to the profane gaze of the historian. It is a voice which was stifled during the writer's lifetime, and which now reaches our ears with greater solemnity from the other side of the grave. All considerations whether such a book should have been published or not vanish before the high and noble object which the writer had in view. He wrote to tell the coming generation of Prussia's greatness, in which he had shared in his youth, and of Prussia's degradation, which he witnessed during the Thirty Years' Peace, from 1818 to 1848. His Diary begins in 1835, under Frederick William III., and it will probably reach to the last days of the

writer's life. The two volumes now published comprise the last four years of the reign of Frederick William III., and the first five years of the reign of Frederick William IV. Though there are many entries which can be of no interest except to those who know all the ministers, and chamberlains, and *dames de la cour* of the Court of Berlin some twenty years ago, yet, as a sketch of public life in Prussia, the Diary is invaluable. Whatever may be said by his enemies, Varnhagen was evidently a true patriot, full of enthusiasm for Prussia, more, even, than for Germany at large. He had means of information such as were possessed by few historians. He had himself fought in the war of independence, and been wounded at Wagram. He then travelled for some time, and visited the Court of Napoleon, in 1810. In 1812 he left the Austrian service, served for a short time in Prussia, and then joined the Russian army. He was at Paris in 1813, as the aide-de-camp of General Tettenborn. He then returned to his diplomatic career in Prussia, went to the Congress of Vienna with Prince Hardenberg, remained with the Prince on the breaking out of the war, and was again at Paris in 1815. When peace was restored, Varnhagen von Ense was raised to the rank of Prussian Envoy to the Court of Wurtemberg, but was placed on the retired list as early as 1819, and never employed again. He lived with his wife, the famous Rahel, at Berlin, and their house formed a brilliant centre of society during the most brilliant period of the history of Prussia. That period, however, was of short duration. All the truly liberal and patriotic statesmen retired one after the other from the scene of public life. Varnhagen devoted himself to the study of history; and he has well earned by his excellent biographies the name of the German Plutarch. He was a man of refined taste, of finished manners, full of information, and with a rare talent for conversation. We learn from his Diary how he continued to read the Greek and Roman classics to the end of his life; and many of his remarks on this subject are very happy and original. He spoke French fluently, English and Russian decently, and he was particularly proud of the correctness and elegance of his German. He was on intimate terms with all the great men of whom Germany could then be proud—statesmen, generals, philosophers, scholars, and artists. Kings and princes courted his society, queens and princesses were charmed with his visits. Of all this there is a good deal in his Diary; and we must say to his credit that Varnhagen seems always to have preserved the most dignified independence in his personal relations with the great and small, the crowned and uncrowned heads of Germany. His interview with the Grandduchess Helene of Russia is most charmingly described by the old courtier.

The perusal of his two volumes produces a feeling of sadness and of indignation. The miserable policy of the Court of Prussia, the opportunities that were wasted, the promises that were broken, the insolence with which a brave, intelligent, and loyal people, like the Prussians of 1818, were treated by the Court and the Camarilla—all this sounds perfectly incredible to English ears. All who showed a spark of independence were removed from the public service; those who remained were needy men who had to choose between starvation and dishonour, and preferred the latter. Frederick William III. was a man of no will—Frederick William IV. a man of no character. In fact, it is perfectly clear from occasional remarks jotted down by Varnhagen long before the fatal illness of the late King was suspected, that Frederick William IV. was from the beginning of his reign suffering from a disease of the brain. This is the most charitable explanation of his public career, and we wonder that the writer of the Diary should not have perceived this sooner. Varnhagen, like everybody else, expected great things from the late King. He knew his good qualities, and they were many; and throughout his Diary he seldom blames the King, though he loathes his Ministers. And yet, when he asks himself what could be done to retrieve the mischief—to save Prussia from the disgrace into which she had fallen, and to prevent a revolution like that of '48—it is painful to witness the utter helplessness of the Prussian patriot. Overtures seem to have been made to him at several times to enter the Prussian service. Metternich was his friend, and would have given much to secure Varnhagen's pen. Varnhagen saw the disease, but he knew of no cure; and all he could do as an honest man was to keep aloof from the charlatans who thought of themselves only, and cared nothing for the patient whom they had got into their grasping hands. Varnhagen believed in Metternich when most German patriots had long given him up. Varnhagen disliked constitutional innovations when the King himself had begun to dabble in constitutions. There are remnants of his aristocratic prejudices, qualms of diplomatic etiquette scattered through the Diary, even at a time when he had long made up his mind that nothing but a radical reform, nothing short of a revolution, could save Prussia. It was fortunate for Varnhagen that he kept aloof from public affairs. He would have failed as a statesman, and he would have lost, like many others, the fair name which he has left untarnished to posterity.

The Diary, though invaluable as the memoir of an honest observer, and as the voice of one who speaks in the name of thousands, is nevertheless to be used with great caution where we have to form an estimate of the character of those whom Varnhagen considers the accomplices in the dishonour of Prussia. One of the most glaring instances of his recklessness in judging men of whom he knew absolutely nothing, is Bunsen. He hates

* *Tagebücher*, von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. Leipzig. 1861.

him from the beginning as an intruder. He is not a Prussian by birth, he says, what business has he at our Court? How small, how unworthy of Varnhagen! He perceives clearly enough that the rumours which reach him about Bunsen all come, without exception, from the needy and greedy noblemen who were furious that this Dr. Bunsen should have been put over their heads. He remarks himself that those who call him a dog would lick his feet like curs as soon as he was in power. Yet he believes, or at least repeats, what he hears, and tries to blast, by the most infamous calumnies, the public and private character of a man whom he would have loved if he had known him. He hates him as a pietist, and when he is told that Bunsen, though a man of true Christian piety, had proved himself in England an extreme advocate of religious liberty, he calls him a double hypocrite, without knowing anything of the man, without bringing a single proof for his calumnious assertions. This is simply absurd. Varnhagen is equally unjust in his estimate of Radowitz, and it is extraordinary that a man with his knowledge of human nature should have been unable to assign any but the most grovelling motives to those from whom he differed, and whom he believed responsible for the misfortunes of Prussia. How would Varnhagen have judged of Humboldt, the courtier, the protégé of Frederick William III., the friend of Frederick William IV., unless by accident he had known the man and allowed for his endeavours to do as much good as he could under a system that he could not alter.

The book is full of curious anecdotes, not only about Prussian, but about European politics. What will M. Guizot say when he hears that his master, Louis Philippe, wrote to Metternich not to be afraid of France; that he would take care to make her harmless; and that in the year 1840! Varnhagen quotes the following from an autograph letter of Louis Philippe to Metternich:—"Laissez-moi faire! J'arrangerai les choses de sorte que les Français ne pourront penser pendant trente ans à faire sérieusement la guerre." And he adds, "after Metternich had received this note, he assumed very bold language in public."

In page 205, Varnhagen tells us that Austria spent four million florins for Don Carlos. There is a *bon-mot* of his about the late King of Hanover. He met him at a watering-place soon after the King's accession to the throne. The question was asked at the table d'hôte whether the King was ill; and Varnhagen replied loud enough to be heard by the whole party: "Il a une mauvaise constitution."

Varnhagen's judgments are always striking, but he has the misfortune of seeing most things in the most unfavourable light. We give as a specimen his estimate of the English character, written in 1840:—

The present general mode of thinking in England seems still to rest completely on the basis supplied by Bacon and Locke. The former is over-estimated—the latter is still attacked, but with his own weapons. The English mode of thinking is one-sided, rigid, heavy, clumsy. It proceeds laboriously from fact to fact; it will not jump or fly, but proceeds step by step only—tedious clearness, wretched accuracy! Their science consists of so many sciences, broken up into endless special researches. They are very backward in intellectual grasp. But they extend their outward influence, they test, dare, and do everything, singly or in company, always in a practical manner. A man of genius, however, can make his way among them by violence only, fighting wildly against all that is traditional; as for instance, Byron and Shelley. Intellectual enterprise is still dependent on old, imperfect machinery—it is slow, poor, mean. In this field we have our steam-engines, our railways, and telegraphs, and we use them with power and skill. Of men like Fichte, Schleiermacher, Schelling, Hegel, Goethe, Richter, Herder, Hamann, Jacobi, nay, of men like F. A. Wolf, Englishmen have no conception. In religious thought, Englishmen seem to me extremely limited. Besides strict orthodoxy and self-willed sectarianism, they have only blank infidelity and blasphemous freethinking. The intermediate field which supports the seed of our civilization is entirely wanting in England.

English manners and customs are good if they have been got over; if an Englishman has fought his way through them to real freedom. It is a good school, but men ought not to remain schoolboys. French manners and customs have the advantage over English that they contain in themselves something of that freedom which must be conquered in spite of the former. True, English gentlemen see this, and they are by no means anti-French.

Johnson is the English Gottsched; they both had their merits, but they both did great mischief. We Germans were wise enough to kick our Gottsched in time out of our literature: the English retained theirs in high honour and respect, to their incalculable disadvantage.

PROVINCIAL LIBERTIES IN FRANCE.*

IT has long been a prevalent impression among foreigners that the absence of provincial liberties in France has been the chief source of the confusion to which she has been a prey. It seems to us obvious enough that to hinge the stability of a Government on the loyalty or the disaffection of a single city is to simplify enormously the difficulties of revolution. But this truth has only met with a slow and reluctant acceptance from the people who are chiefly interested to learn it. The fact is, that centralization has mastered, not only their institutions, but their affections. The glories and prerogatives of Paris are too dear to every Frenchman to suffer him to acquiesce in a theory which demands that they should be surrendered. Most of all has this aversion to provincial liberties become apparent among those who range themselves at the two extremes of political opinion. Absolutists are fond of centralization because it enhances the monarch's power. Jacobins revere it as a supposed inheritance of 1793. Both are naturally drawn to it because it

carries out the views that are dominant, whatever they may be, with promptness and effect, and a perfect disregard of the feelings of a minority.

It is a hopeful sign, therefore, to find that the opposite doctrines have effected any lodgment within their lines. M. Elias Regnault is a stern Republican and an idolator of the Revolution. Yet he is clear sighted enough to see that the only possible basis for a secure and progressive freedom lies in that very local autonomy to which the Revolution was so relentlessly hostile. Naturally, he cannot bring himself to believe that there is any inherent antagonism between the two things he loves so well. Accordingly, he is at great pains to prove that the Revolutionary contempt for local liberties was only a transitory expedient, and that the Girondins were not slaughtered for desiring to curtail the absolutism of Paris. He labours also to establish, in the footsteps of M. de Tocqueville, that the old monarchy had already reduced the local authorities to a shadow, and that the Revolution inherited from the Government that preceded it the machinery by which they were replaced. There is a measure of truth in all these views, and especially in the last. Nevertheless, it is equally true that the strange and inconsistent attachment to centralization which has been shown by the professed friends of freedom has powerfully contributed to bring their cause to its present desperate condition.

The better to carry out his object of identifying centralization with the Monarchy and not with the Republic, M. Regnault sketches at some length the pertinacity with which, throughout the whole course of French history, successive kings laboured to level the local liberties which impeded their own power. Civil war and Roman law were the two great engines. The habits of self-government introduced by the Teutonic invasion had founded free institutions which were at one time as stable and flourishing as our own. The different destinies of the two peoples, whose schooling for freedom began with the same fair promise, is due of course, in great part, to the more sustained ability which, on the whole, distinguished the French Ministers and Kings. But so far as any general causes may be credited with the collapse of French liberties, the civil wars counted for a good deal. While they ruined the cities that were the nurseries of freedom, they almost always strengthened, in the end, the military power of the victorious sovereign. He was always enabled to forget old concessions and to subjugate all who were strong enough to invoke them. The great cities of Southern France, —Arles, Marseilles, and Toulouse—were, in the twelfth century, independent republics, except in name. In peaceful times, they would have set a despotic and centralizing power at defiance. But a civil war, under the favourite guise of a religious crusade, effectually crippled them. The Albigensian Crusade was nominally a Catholic enterprise for the suppression of heresy. But its animating power was the anxiety of the feudal monarchy and nobility of the North of France to sweep away the powerful municipalities whose prosperity fostered aspirations so inconvenient among their northern neighbours. The indiscriminate character of the massacres shows how small an element religious zeal furnished to the motives by which the Crusade was worked. No Catholic persecutor, however intolerant, would have uttered the words—if modern scepticism will allow us to believe that they ever were uttered—*C'est à Dieu de reconnaître les siens*. The English was operated in the same direction. Before the Hundred Years' War, the French States-General were possessed of the essential guarantee of a constitution—the power of the purse—in a more ample degree than the English. It would have been of no small assistance to the leaders of the Long Parliament if they could have cited any abandonment of the power of taxation by any English King as complete and unreserved as that which was tendered by Louis Hutin in 1314—a time when the English House of Commons was scarcely in existence. The words are well known, but they are remarkable enough to bear repetition:—

The King recognises, both for himself and his successors, that he cannot, for the future, levy any money in the Kingdom without the consent of the Three Estates, who will themselves both expend it and raise it, in order to avoid the extravagance and the malversation of which there have been recent examples.

Forty years afterwards, the same assurances were renewed by Charles V. in still stronger terms. But the miseries of the English invasion soon swept from the minds of men all care for any securities except securities for peace. After the Maid of Orleans had driven back the English, little more was heard of the King's inability to tax without the concurrence of his subjects. The City of Paris was deprived of its municipal Government, in punishment for its frequent rebellions. These two great obstacles conquered, there was nothing that could oppose a firm resistance to the encroachments of the Royal power. The maxims of the Roman law, introduced by Philip the Fair, gave it the colour of legality in time of peace. The necessary predominance of military power gave it opportunity in times of confusion. By the time that the Revolution arrived to transfer the administration to the hands of a new and more vigorous despotism, nothing of the old local liberties was left except the outside husk. The Revolution did little more than sweep away the traditions and the names.

M. Regnault is genuinely anxious to restore the state of things which his friends the Jacobins would have persecuted as Federalism. But the spirit in which he proposes to do it is curiously

* *La Province: ce qu'elle est et ce qu'elle doit être.* Par Elias Regnault. Paris: Faguerre. 1861.

characteristic of the *doctrinaire* habit of thought which has cost France so dear. He wishes to have the ancient institutions, but he shrinks with revolutionary horror from a return to the ancient forms. It is admitted, almost on all hands, that the Departments are too small for local self-government, without a needless costliness of administration. An Englishman would naturally suggest, as a remedy, a return to the old Provinces, or at least to some of them. There are similarities of race and language, and many other traditional ties, which still serve to bind their inhabitants closely together. They would work together all the more heartily for having a common local patriotism to animate them. But these things are of no value in the eyes of a French politician. He sets the claim of the Provinces aside with the simple observation that to adopt them "would be a return towards the past"—as if that in itself would be a reproach. The new areas of self-government must be constructed, not upon the basis of an historical connexion, which after all is the effect of mere chance, but upon irreproachable first principles. He proposes to carve France out into a dozen "regions." Every city which is a "centre of agricultural, industrial, or intellectual life" is to be the chief town of a region of a sympathetic character. He is prepared for the existence of regions in which agricultural, industrial, and intellectual life shall interlace each other; but one of them must always predominate. He does not stop to give us an instance of a region in which what he calls "intellectual life" predominates over the other two. The only precaution he earnestly enforces is, that in tracing the frontiers of these regions, great care should be taken to avoid boundaries which might recall the memories of the ancient provinces. Does he really believe that this sort of Laputan manufacture can construct a provincial spirit capable of curbing the despotism of Paris? Stable social breakwaters are not to be made out of this kind of artificial concrete.

Whatever amount of "ideological" taint may cling to the speculations of M. Regnault, yet an undoubted benefit is conferred by any author who contributes to refute the superficial fallacy that the French have a natural incapacity for self-government. He does good service in reminding the world that not only are the races which inhabit France and England in a great measure of the same stock, but that, up to a certain point in their history, they both bore in their institutions the same germs of liberty. Accidental causes have determined that the germ should wither in the one case and bear fruit in the other; but such accidents constitute no inherent incapacity. It is equally a fallacy to say that all experiments to restore freedom in France have up to this time failed. On the contrary, so long as they lasted, they succeeded admirably. The fatal mistake was made of staking their existence upon the continued loyalty of the fickle mob of Paris; and therefore, whenever some passing discontent caused this support to fail, the experiment was cut short. But nothing has yet happened in France to prove that, if liberty be founded, not merely on representative institutions, but upon the broader and firmer basis of provincial self-government, it would not be as favourable to prosperity and internal peace as it has been elsewhere.

THE UNITY OF MANKIND.

Second Notice.

THE contrast between a black and a white race is so marked that the first thought of every one would be to assign a different origin to each. But when we become acquainted with the facts of anatomical structure, and the facts of variation which are manifested under our own observation, and confirmed by zoological research, the contrast, which before seemed so striking, becomes very slight, in comparison with differences in a known species. The skin of the negro and that of an European are found on examination to be identical. They are formed of precisely the same elements, arranged in precisely the same way, having precisely the same properties. What one has, the other has; and "sur un individu appartenant à la race blanche on peut trouver à diverses régions du corps la peau de l'homme noir et la peau de l'homme jaune, avec tous leurs caractères les plus intimes." The colour of the negro is derived from a layer of pigment-cells intermediate between the true skin and the epidermis. But this layer exists in the white man. It is the same as the layer in the negro, except that there is less pigment. In the yellow races, and in the darker individuals of the white races, there is an increase of pigment—in the negro race there is a variation in the quantity. But in no case is there anything beyond a difference of degree; and these differences range by imperceptible gradations from intense black to the palest white. The same may be said of the colour of the hair and eyes. But how little even broad contrasts of colour imply distinction of species may be seen in animals. Look at the feet of our ordinary fowl. Sometimes the skin is white, generally grey, but they are also yellow, olive-coloured, and black. The whole skin of the Cochin-China is yellow; and the whole skin is black in some races in America and Asia.

The Negro differs not only in colour, but in bony structure. His skull, and his legs, especially his heel, are points on which attention falls at once. But magnify these differences enormously, and they fall short of the differences observed among animals of the same species. Nobody doubts that our domestic pig is only a *race*, and belongs to the same species as the wild pig. Place the two skulls side by side, and a far wider difference will be noted than between the skull of a negro and that of an

European. But place the skulls of various races of dogs together, and the enormous difference between the greyhound and the pug, the spaniel and the pointer, the mastiff and the terrier, will show at once how little value is to be attached to such indications. Measurements of the size in different races of dogs show that some races are four times as large as others. Now, the extreme variation among human races is between one and three-tenths—that is to say, the variation is three or four times less among them than among animals. As to the greater length of the fore-arm and heel in the negro, what is that to the difference in length between the legs of a greyhound and a turnspit, or between the legs of any ordinary sheep and the Ancona sheep? Again, there are variations in the number of vertebrae among animals which have no parallel among men. The pig will sometimes have from thirteen to fifteen dorsal, and from four to six lumbar vertebrae; whereas when a man, on rare occasions, has had one vertebra more or less than the normal allowance, it has been cited as a curiosity.

Take what portion of the structure you will, the extremes of variation in the human races are equalled or surpassed among races of animals notoriously of the same species. It is clear, therefore, that the argument in favour of a plurality of human species drawn from the many striking differences presented by different nations has no force whatever. Zoologists who have seen the various races of domestic animals spring up under their eyes—who know what marvellous variations in form, colour, size, and instinct are produced in horses, dogs, pigeons, and sheep—find no difficulty in believing that the much smaller variations observable among men are due also to the variability of the species. There may be other and stronger arguments, but *this* at least has no force.

M. Quatrefages examines at some length how *racés* are formed. We cannot afford space for his exposition, but content ourselves with the conclusion, namely that the animal organism is constantly under the direction of two tendencies—one, that of *inheritance*, by which the specific type is preserved; the other that of *external influence*, by which the type is constantly subject to variations; and when these variations in their turn become transmitted, a new *race* is produced. His remarks on both points are worth attention. One curious fact respecting the agency of the external medium we may detach. The salmon trout is only a variety of the ordinary trout, and its *salmonage* is dependent upon some condition of the stream in which it is born and bred. M. Valenciennes discovered that certain streams will even give this *salmonage* to the carp. The eggs of the salmon trout are yellow; and M. Coste found that if these eggs were reared in water unsuitable to the production of *salmonage*, they gradually became paler, and the young trout developed from them lost all trace of the salmon.

The variations which take place in every part of the human frame need scarcely be insisted on. When they are striking, they are called deformities. But these deformities, if transmitted, would constitute new races. In man, however, such transmissions are usually guarded against. In animals they are often carefully fostered, if the variation be one which presents any interest. We rear breeds of "shorthorns," and of Ancona sheep, or of turnspits and pointers, because we have an interest in preserving the peculiarity in each. But marriages are not made on this principle.

In 1717 there was born an English child, named Edward Lambert, of perfectly normal and healthy parents. At nine weeks old this child began to show a peculiarity of skin, which grew browner and browner, till at the age of fourteen he was thought worthy of being brought before the Royal Society for examination. His face, palm of the hands, and sole of the feet were those of ordinary English youths, but all the rest of his body was covered with a brown skin, an inch thick, irregularly split, and on the loins presenting somewhat the aspect of a hedgehog. Every year this species of carapace was shed, as that of a lobster is moulted. The skin reappeared, seemingly healthy, but gradually thickened and assumed its hedgehog aspect. At the age of fifty, Lambert was examined by a medical man who described him as very lively, and very healthy. Lambert married, and had six children. Every one of these children inherited this strange variation. At about the same period of nine weeks their skins began to thicken and acquire the hedgehog aspect. Five died; the survivor married, and had six daughters and two sons. Of the daughters no information has been preserved; probably they did not inherit the peculiarity, or not in any marked degree; but the two sons were examined in 1802, and were found to have inherited it. Unfortunately, since then no record has been kept; and it is unknown whether any traces still remain of this inherited carapace. Every one knows cases of six fingers or six toes running through families for several generations; and no physiologist doubts that such peculiarities might easily be perpetuated by marriage. But among human beings such peculiarities are not perpetuated because marriages do not occur in the same family. If, however, a shipwreck, or any such accident, were to throw such a family on a desert island, or in a spot where it would be shut off from all communication with other human beings, a new race would inevitably be formed by the simple laws of inheritance.

We cannot follow M. Quatrefages in his survey of the various indications of the formation of races by the action of the inheritance and the influence of external agencies, but must pass on to the capital question of hybridity, on which the whole dis-

cussion rests. If, as we have seen, the mere fact of wide external differences cannot prove difference of species—and if, also, species are established by two orders of facts, namely, facts of resemblance and facts of filiation—it is clear that having disposed of the first, the whole question now turns on the second. The various types may have originated in successive variations of one type. Their observed differences are no proofs of different origin, if it can be shown that these various types are mutually fertile. Among animals, no matter how great the external differences, those are said to belong to the same species which are capable of breeding together and perpetuating the race. Those which may accidentally breed together, but produce sterile offspring, are said to belong to different species. M. Quatrefages enters at great length on this question, discussing the various forms of hybridity and cross breeding in plants and animals; and his conclusion, which is that of the majority of naturalists, may be summed up in one example. The horse and the ass are of different species. They produce the unfertile mule, which is a *Hybrid*. The Flemish and the Arab horse are of one species. They produce a horse as fertile as themselves—a *cross*. We must refer to his pages for the numerous proofs adduced of his position that *all* the known types of men are mutually fertile, and that their offspring are also fertile. This is a point of supreme importance. It is stoutly denied by the polygenists, and is only to be settled by a wide and impartial survey of the facts. Our limits do not permit even an abridgment of such a survey; and we must, therefore, be content with a reference to M. Quatrefages's chapters. It is true that those who advocate the doctrine of plurality will have much to say in answer both to what is asserted respecting Hybridity and what is asserted respecting the fertility of the various races. Were it not so, there would no longer be any possible dispute on this subject; and as many eminent men, after a careful examination, steadily uphold the doctrine of plurality, we may be sure that the question is one of extreme difficulty. M. Quatrefages commits the very great error of overlooking this. He is so firmly convinced of the truth of his own view that he cannot see the force of his adversaries'. This is the chief drawback in his excellent work. We have, however, presented the reader with a general survey of what M. Quatrefages has advanced, and may leave the question to be discussed by those who are qualified to discuss it—merely adding that, not only for the general reader, but for scientific inquirers, M. Quatrefages has produced a very interesting and a very instructive little book.

CAUSERIES DE QUINZAINE.*

THE days are over when clever contributions to periodicals and newspapers were lost in the usual oblivion of writings professedly written for the hour and seeking no ulterior distinction. In the present universal rage for republication, there are all kinds of odds and ends, scraps and rubbish, fished up as it were by the literary chiffonnier, and inflicted on the public in a new form. It is true that no one need read them a second time if he does not like, and it is better that many worthless fragments should be preserved than that one good thing should be lost. The idea of permanency being possibly attained may also have a good effect in making authors more careful and accurate. Perhaps, therefore, it might be unwise to wish the present fashion to subside. It would have been a loss, for instance, if M. Emile Deschanel had not collected and reissued his fortnightly contributions to the *Journal des Débats*. *Causeries de Quinzaine* is the unpretending title of papers which are very unequal in interest, although the poverty of the material is often concealed by an agreeable style. To review such a miscellaneous collection of papers is about as easy as to respond to a request for an opinion on things in general. M. Deschanel glides with facility over a wide range of topics, and it would be rather ungracious, though not difficult, to scrutinize the manufacture of what only pretends to be written talk. Instead of complaining that our author has neither the talent nor the brilliancy of some of his contemporaries who have written their *Causeries*, we propose to select samples from those pages which are devoted to the most unhackneyed subjects, and which give the best idea of the book.

M. Deschanel devotes one of his *Causeries* to the works of Madame Dora d'Istria, the *nom de plume* of the Princess Koltzoff-Massalsky. This lady, he tells us, is daughter of the late Michel Ghika, and niece of the Prince Alexander Ghika, Ex-Hospodar of Wallachia. Mademoiselle Helen Ghika, as we are told, received a brilliant education from the celebrated George Pappadopoulos, one of the Professors of the University of Athens. Early familiarity with ancient literature and with most of the modern languages of Europe, and extensive travel, combined to develop a precocious intellect. That the young lady possessed ambition and industry is proved by her translating the *Iliad* into German at fifteen, and writing several plays. Equally gifted with beauty and talent, this Eastern Madame de Stael married into one of the most ancient noble Russian families. Court life at St. Petersburg was little suited to the liberal-minded Princess, and in 1855, for the nominal benefit of her health, she sought the more congenial atmosphere of Switzerland. There she performed the feat of ascending the Mönch, and planted the Roumain colours on its hitherto inaccessible summit. The fruit of this exploit was her

second publication, dedicated to her countrymen, and called *German Switzerland*. The *Ascent of the Mönch*—in which we are told she proposes the Swiss as an example to her own nation—is a remarkable book, the chief blot on which is its religious intolerance, or rather the exaltation of the Greek Church above all others, which is the more singular as Madame Dora d'Istria is conspicuous for love of liberty and a just horror of political despotism and absolutism. "On trouve dans ce livre de brillantes descriptions et de poétiques légendes mêlées à de solides considérations historiques et philosophiques; une chaleureuse raison, une éloquence des choses et non des mots; ça et là, pour assaisonnement, une page railleuse de forme, mais sérieuse encore au fond." Madame d'Istria's most original works are *Monastic Life in the Eastern Church* and *Women in the East*, the latter being published last year. M. Emile Deschanel tells us that the former work is the fruit of very extensive acquaintance with the interior of Russian convents, as well as personal observation of the working of conventual life in Wallachia, Moldavia, Greece, Armenia, Palestine, and Egypt, which she describes without reserve as a stagnant mode of existence, contrary to human nature. She characterizes monastic establishments as generally not the abode of religious contemplation, but the retreat of ignorance, idleness, avarice, and vice.

The aim of Madame Dora d'Istria's last book is to make the female portion of Eastern Europe better known. There is truth in the following assertion:—

Aujourd'hui l'Occident ne se rappelle pas tout ce que l'Orient a fait pour lui; il oublie volontiers et les souvenirs des temps anciens et les merveilles de la Renaissance. Il existe même une école qui s'acharne systématiquement à dénigrer les Orientaux, leurs institutions religieuses, leurs traditions, leurs idées et leurs lois. Les femmes n'ont pas été épargnées. J'essaye de répondre dans cet ouvrage à leurs détracteurs, après avoir tenté ailleurs de défendre les libertés de notre Eglise. Je réfuterai un jour d'autres accusations. Je sais ce qui nous manque, et je n'ai jamais dissimulé nos erreurs et nos fautes, pas plus dans ce volume que dans mes autres écrits. Mais la justice n'exige-t-elle pas qu'après avoir parlé de nos défauts, on dise quelque chose de nos qualités et des services que nous avons rendus?

Should we be, she continues, considered impartial historians, if we were content to say that the French are superficial, the English stiff, and the Germans heavy? That, however, Madame d'Istria complains, is the method applied to her countrywomen. Her knowledge of various nations renders her eminently qualified for the interesting task so enthusiastically undertaken, and so ably, if not artistically, executed.

In one of his *Causeries*, M. Emile Deschanel has had the grace to uphold what he calls "les arts en plein vent"—which some people deplore as vulgarizing art. "For my own part," he says, "I dare to avow that I like to see, under whatever form it may be, or in whatever degree, the habits of intellectual pleasures spreading more and more. Popular music—street music, cafés chantants, do not gratify a cultivated ear; the execution is necessarily imperfect, the audience not the least fastidious." "Eh! c'est là le mal dites-vous.—Non, c'est un bien, qui conduit à un mieux." These rude forms of art, he continues, awaken the ideal—these airs and songs, such as they are, in germs imperceptibly strewn by every wind of heaven, may perchance fall elsewhere than on a stone, and some day bear fruit. "Ces concerts sont du moins un passe-temps honnête, cela vaut mieux que l'alcool tout pur." Cheap plaster casts, libels though they be on their origin and monstrosities to educated eyes, add a charm to some poor workman's home. It is well, thinks M. Deschanel, that the artisan should have before him some statuette, some object, whose sole use should be to awaken some perception of beauty and grace.—"Cela lui fera désirer un jour d'avoir la Vénus de Milo ou la Diane de Gabies." Without feeling equally sanguine of the effects on our less artistic lower classes, we may hope that what the writer calls "the arts out of doors" may be "de pauvres allumettes qui peuvent allumer le feu sacré."

More than one "Causerie de Quinzaine" is given to animals, which Michelet has called "nos frères inférieurs," and which M. Deschanel considers historically, but chiefly with a view to their utility and acclimatization. Touching zoological gardens, it is remarked that their object is to give experience in natural history, and to acclimatize such animals and birds as are thought most desirable for our use. These remarks are apropos of the new Zoological Gardens in the Bois de Boulogne, established by a society whose principal aim is utility. For those who have not visited the gardens it may be interesting to quote the following:—

D'une belle étendue, ne contenant pas moins de 20 hectares, depuis la porte des Sablons jusqu'à la mare de Madrid, près la porte de Neuilly, il est traversé par une jolie rivière, où les animaux aquatiques prennent leurs ébats et sur laquelle on a jeté des ponts d'un effet pittoresque. Soixante parcelles partagent le terrain, et chacun d'eux se rattache, en étoile, à une des quinze élégantes fabriques, cabanes, pavillons, kiosques, qui servent d'abri et de demeure aux animaux. Les constructions sérieuses et solides se mêlent aux constructions légères et gracieuses.

Le pavillon rustique des antilopes est charmant comme les hôtes qui l'habitent. Le logement des hémières, des zèbres et des yaks est bien entendu. Le mouflon a des rochers pour grimper et ne s'en fait pas faute. La volière est magnifique: elle a 63 mètres de longueur sur 5 de hauteur. La poulerie est d'architecture originale, quoiqu'un peu lourde et sentant son égyptien ou son étrusque; elle a ceci de particulier, qu'elle est faite de béton moulé et ne forme qu'un seul bloc de pierre artificielle d'une centaine de mètres en hémi-cylindre. Les bordures des avenues et des routes pour les voitures sont faites de la même matière et par le même procédé. La magnanerie est fort belle; déjà on y voit prospérer les vers à soie du mûrier, de l'aïlante, du chêne et du ricin. L'aquarium, où l'on mettra les poissons et les mollusques, égalera pour le moins celui de Regent's Park; il est même disposé d'une manière plus originale quant au jeu de la

* *Causeries de Quinzaine*. Par Emile Deschanel. Paris: Lévy. London: Joffe. 1861.

lumière qui ne parvient au spectateur qu'à travers l'eau, où l'on observe ainsi bien plus aisément tous les êtres mystérieux du liquide empire, leurs jeux, leurs mœurs, leurs amours.

Une bergerie, une vacherie, une porcherie, et un chenil compléteront l'ensemble des constructions du Jardin zoologique, appelé à servir de lieu d'exposition pour les plus beaux produits des animaux de toute race et de tout pays. Grâce à ce bel établissement, Paris n'aura plus rien à envier, sous ce rapport, ni à la Belgique, ni à la Hollande, ni à l'Angleterre.

Naturalists cannot fail to regret those animals of the Old and New Worlds which are rapidly becoming exterminated. It is not possible that it should be otherwise. As civilization advances, it destroys the conditions of animal life, especially of that of the larger species, which, besides being less prolific, require more abundant pasturage or prey, and larger tracts over which to roam. The great carnivorous and herbivorous tribes, from numerous causes, disappear; but why, says the naturalist, should not many wild animals be adopted by man? Our domesticated animals have multiplied and diversified, whilst their wild brethren are disappearing. As was said by the late M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, only one half of the globe has been explored. There is much, therefore, to be done in the way of extending our command over the animal creation; and it appears that there is great zeal, skill, and activity displayed by the new Zoological Society in Paris, whose design has been explained in three terms—"Conserver ce que nous possédons, l'utiliser selon le mode le plus profitable, et y ajouter, s'il est possible." There is nothing more curious or contradictory than the prejudices of various nations against the flesh of different animals. We wonder whether the arguments of the late learned President of the Society will eventually persuade his countrymen to eat horse and ass-flesh knowingly. However vigorously he asserts their excellence, there is an obstinate prejudice to surmount, though, as he says, when sold, as horse-flesh is, under a different name, at the restaurants, no one complains, or discovers the fraud. The prejudice against horse-flesh is disappearing in Germany. Within the last three years, it has been sold at Vienna, and 4725 horses have been consumed. Most of the large German towns and Copenhagen have their *boucheries de cheval*, which are now being established in Belgium and Switzerland. "Le Yak, sorte de bœuf à poil de chèvre et à queue de cheval, est depuis six ans parfaitement domestiqué en France. Il sera plus utile qu'aucun autre animal domestique, puisqu'il donnera aux populations montagnardes, jusqu'à présent les plus pauvres de toutes, sa force, sa toison, son lait et sa chair." M. Deschanel gives the history of the introduction of those valuable animals, the Lama and the Alpaca, which Buffon, in 1765, pointed out as a splendid acquisition for the Alps and Pyrenees—"productive of more real wealth than all the metal of the New World." Various attempts were made from that time to acclimatize these animals in Spain. The Empress Josephine wished to introduce the Lama, Alpaca, and Vicuña into France from the Cordilleras, and procured a large flock, which was kept, owing to the war, for six years waiting at Buenos Ayres to be embarked. A few survived to reach Cadiz, but, owing to the state of the country, there was no chance of their receiving any care. The Duke of Orleans was not more successful, and until now there seemed little probability of the attainment of so desirable an object. At length, however, perseverance has been rewarded, and a fine flock of these coveted animals ornaments the gardens in the Bois de Boulogne. Still greater success has crowned similar attempts in Australia, where no doubt the climate is more congenial. Other animals and birds are pointed out as worthy of being acclimatized in Europe. The Élan and the Cassowary offer every advantage, and have been successfully introduced in England. M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire's book, "Acclimatation et Domestication des Animaux utiles," has furnished M. Deschanel with details for several interesting and instructive contributions to the *Débats*, and will probably induce those curious in such matters to refer to the work itself with the attention which is its due.

One chapter, "Histoires des Limites des Paris," is worthy of being read, as a sort of résumé of M. Théophile Lavallée's *Histoire de Paris*, from the time when its existence was first made known in Cæsar's Commentaries as Lutetia, the fortress of the Parisians, built on an island, to the present day, when Versailles and St. Germain are already in Paris. "Où s'arrêtera le développement accéléré de cette ville déjà énorme? Nous avons vu ce qu'elle était il y a deux mille ans: une bourgade de bateliers sur un îlot fangeux. Et maintenant demandons-nous: Que sera-t-elle dans deux mille ans encore?" M. Deschanel, after pointing the warning finger to the page of history which records the fate of all the great cities of the earth, adds, "Un temps viendra où les touristes de quelque autre ville lointaine devenue à son tour la métropole du monde, visiteront les champs où fut Paris." Not only is the history of Paris interesting in an antiquarian point of view, but Paris is the theatre on which has been enacted the drama of French history. No city was ever more completely the capital, the heart, and the pride of a great country.

Taken separately, the *Causeries de Quinzaine* have the usual merits of French feuilletons. They are generally written in a lively manner, give some information, and point out the source of more.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

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30	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	30	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
30	1 1 9	2 3 6	0 15 4	30	2 7 8	1 4 2	0 12 3
40	1 0 2	2 18 4	0 15 4	40	3 10 8	1 4 4	0 12 4
50	2 2 6	4 5 0	0 15 4	50	3 7 10	1 4 0	0 12 5
60	3 6 8	6 15 4	0 15 4	60	3 8 2	1 4 8	0 12 6

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